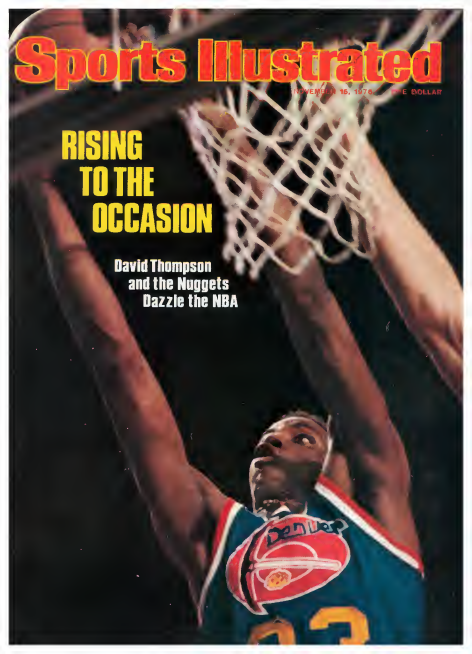




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Next Week

A TEAM GROWS IN BROOKLYN, and while its budget wouldn't cover Woody Hayes' phone bill, the King-men are 7-1 already. John Papanek reports from the student union, also known as the Jolly Bull Pub.

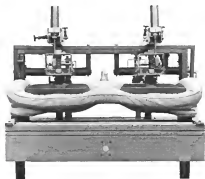
TENNIS FLOURISHES IN TEXAS, especially in the cowtown of Mason, where rackets about rifles in the gun racks of pickups. Giles Tippetts relates how 23 courts serve 2,000 residents and games go on until 3 a.m.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SITUATION NORMAL

Here we go again. Tennis is at war with itself again. The Grand Prix circuit, with Colgate-Palmolive as its new angel, is going head to head against Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis. Hunt has signed up such players as Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, the Nastase and Manuel Orantes for extravagant sums of money. But Donald Dell, the former Davis Cup captain who is counsel for the Association of Tennis Professionals and manager of many top U.S. stars, has pulled some of his aces—Arthur Ashe, Roscoe Tanner, Stan Smith, Bob Lutz—out of WCT. Dell is closely aligned with Jack Kramer of the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, which administers the Grand Prix. Kramer is also a longtime rival of Hunt. "It is war," says Mike Davies, WCT executive director. Meanwhile, the best players of all persuasions have increasingly taken to picking up guaranteed big money in special all-star events. These exhibitions (usually with four players) skim the cream of the talent and threaten the existence of tournaments, which are the base of the game. The tournament directors are talking revolt.

Jimmy Connors revived this vaudeville star-turn aspect of tennis with his TV-oriented "Heavyweight Championship" matches from Las Vegas and said recently he would defend his "title" on CBS-TV against the winner of a Bjorn Borg-lie Nastase match. Connors was figuring Borg—the patsy—would win. But Nastase, the one player who can consistently beat Connors, came out on top, and now Jimmy is waffling.

If the match does take place, Connors' former manager, Bill Riordan, will handle Nastase. Riordan is in the process of suing Jimmy. Nastase, once Connors' closest big-name tennis friend, is also mad at his old buddy. Russia has been suspended from Davis Cup competition for refusing to play Chile. In Italy there is mounting political pressure to keep that country from playing Chile in

the Cup finals. In the U.S., Renee Richards is talking about suing the Women's Tennis Association.

It's nice to have everything back to normal in the sport.

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

Baseball held another of its expansion drafts last week (the others were in 1960, 1961 and 1963) and, as always, pickings were slim. Seattle and Toronto, the new American League clubs, were not permitted to bid in the free-agent draft held the day before and, in selecting from the existing rosters of the 12 established AL clubs, had to contend with arcane restrictions fully understood only by baseball executives—and not by all of them. For instance, each of the old clubs could "protect" 15 players; after an unprotected player was chosen, a team could add three more to the protected list—and so on. And, as though to rub the newcomers' noses in the dirt, when the older clubs heard through the grapevine that Seattle and Toronto were going to emphasize youth in their selections, they protected as many young prospects as they could and left veterans somewhat long in the tooth out in the open.

Under such circumstances, it is to the credit of the new clubs that they pretty much resisted the temptation to go for superannuated players, particularly since history shows it is an ineffective practice. The newborn 1962 New York Mets splurged on veterans and took seven years to recover. The class-of-1969 Montreal Expos and Milwaukee Brewers (the Seattle Pilots) still haven't recovered. The 1961 California Angels showed good early foot but then sagged, and the Angels have been rebuilding since.

The best picks by any of the eight previous expansion clubs were those of the 1969 Kansas City Royals, whose draft was conducted by Cedric Tallis, now a New York Yankee executive. "In the first few rounds you've got to go for youth," says Tallis. "Then you can fill in with a few veterans." The average age of the 60

players tapped by Seattle and Toronto was 25.

One of the few veterans picked—by Toronto—was 30-year-old Al Fitzmorris of Kansas City, a 15-game winner who was a Royal draftee back in 1968. The Blue Jays immediately turned around and traded Fitzmorris to the Cleveland Indians for 25-year-old Alan Ashby, an experienced young catcher. "Fitzmorris is a good pitcher," explained Toronto General Manager Peter Bavasi, "but he has always needed runs, and we wouldn't be able to give him enough."

A lot of the draftees were players Toronto and Seattle fans have never heard of. We recommend patience and a long look ahead to 1984. Judging from history, that's about the time the Blue Jays and the Mariners will meet in the American League playoffs.

MIXED BAG

Hunting in Utah has a tendency to be a little out of the ordinary. For instance, Barry Saunders of Salt Lake City says you don't have to be a marksman to be a successful duck hunter. "All you need is



a good dog," he says. To prove his point, Saunders took his 18-month-old Labrador retriever, Charcoal, with him on opening day of the hunting season and got his limit of seven ducks without firing a shot. In fact, even though he is an avid hunter, Saunders didn't take a gun along, saying he wanted to see if Charcoal could do it all alone.

"I got the idea last year," he says. "With all the shooting on opening day, a lot of ducks get hit but are never recovered. Charcoal began bringing back

continued

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ducks that other hunters had shot but couldn't locate. This year I thought it might be fun to see if he could get a limit by himself. It was no trouble at all."

A couple of other Utah hunters, Steve and Alice Haskins of Kearns, a Salt Lake City suburb, had a somewhat different experience. They went off to the Uinta Mountains in northeastern Utah looking for deer and came back with a baby boy.

Mrs. Haskins, seven months pregnant, was well up in the hills when she realized the baby was coming. It took almost two hours to get out of the woods and into a hospital in the small city of Vernal, where their son was born. The Haskins named him William Steven, but said they would always call him Buckley.

HEY, BOO SPENDER

When Running Back Dick Nalley of Indiana Central University broke the state collegiate record for rushing a couple of Saturdays ago (his 167 yards in 21 carries against Valparaiso gave him 3,461 yards for his four-year career), the 5' 10", 190-pound senior did an O. J. Simpson and took the offensive linemen who helped make the record possible out on the town. The only thing is, Nalley doesn't have quite as much bread as O. J., so instead of treating the gang to a meal at a fancy restaurant he took them to a White Castle, where they ate a mess of hamburgers, French fries and Cokes. Nalley's bill was \$13.46.

"If I ever make it big like O. J.," he said, "I'll buy steaks."

When the players returned to the campus after their feast, they discovered that the main course at the cafeteria where they usually eat had been steak.

UNIVERSITY OF FINLEY

After pulling off another of his astonishing deals—this time getting Catcher Manny Sanguillen and \$100,000 from the Pittsburgh Pirates in exchange for Manager Chuck Tanner—Charles O. Finley of the Oakland A's was exultant and typically verbose.

"I run a finishing school for managers," he said. "I get them when they're coarse and rough, and it takes me at least a year to develop them into exceptional managers." Dick Williams, who won a pennant with the Boston Red Sox before switching to Finley's club, and Tanner, who was named Manager of the Year in 1972 when he ran the Chicago White Sox, should enjoy that comment.

"It costs me a lot of time and money to conduct this school," said Finley, "so I should be reimbursed. Or, I should say, indemnified when someone wants to take away the jewel I have created. The Yankees tried a few shenanigans to steal Dick Williams a few years ago, but I wouldn't stand for it. So finally, in order to get him as manager, the cowboy had to pay me \$100,000 for him." The cowboy is Gene Autry, owner of the California Angels, who hired and then fired Williams, now managing the Montreal Expos.

"I tell my managers when they leave me to remember what they've learned," Finley continued, "but sometimes they forget and don't do so good. Dick Williams forgot how to win when he worked for the cowboy."

"The Pirates tampered with Tanner, you bet. I don't want to show any disrespect for Tanner—he did a fine job of managing for me—but less than half an hour after he told me several clubs were interested in him, Pittsburgh was on the phone. Their new general manager, Harding Peterson, asked about hiring Tanner, and I said, 'Why, that's an excellent idea. You can have him for \$100,000 and Manny Sanguillen.' Peterson said I was putting a gun to his head, but a few days later he was on the phone to offer \$100,000—but no catcher. Then a week later he was back to say, 'Well, Finley, you win.'"

"Don't worry. I'll get another good manager for my finishing school in 1977."

RICKY TECH

Speaking of baseball managers, Paul Brown, the famous old football coach who developed the Cleveland Browns and the Cincinnati Bengals into NFL powers, said the other day that one winter in the early 1950s he was offered the job of managing the Pittsburgh Pirates.

"I had gone to Florida to visit a friend in Fort Myers," Brown said. "The Pirates were going to train there that season, and Branch Rickey, who was running the club, was in the neighborhood to check on the spring training site. He asked to see me and he said, 'The way you run your football team in Cleveland is the way any man should run a team in any sport. I am impressed with your operation. It could fit into baseball, and I am offering you the job of managing the Pirates this season.'"

In those days, baseball was a higher-prestige sport than football, but Brown

considered the job only briefly before electing to remain in football.

Gabe Paul—now president of the New York Yankees, but at that time general manager of the Cincinnati Reds—confirms Brown's story, but with a twist. Paul was looking for a new manager for the Reds, and he says Rickey recommended that he hire Brown, Paul told Rickey. "If he's so darned smart, why don't you hire him?" Rickey apparently took Paul's advice—or tried to. After Brown turned him down, Rickey hired Fred Haney, who finished last three straight years with Pittsburgh. Paul hired Rogers Hornsby, who finished sixth twice with the Reds. Brown stayed with the Browns and won seven conference titles and three NFL championships.

RADICAL

What with all the sideline wigwagging of signals in football (page 70), it's nice to know a coach like John Gagliardi still exists. In his 24 years at St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn., Gagliardi has given his quarterbacks a clear option: they can run a play he sends in, or they can use one of their own choosing. The decision is theirs.

Gagliardi's policy hasn't hurt. His Johannes have won 11 Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference titles and, this year, a No. 1 ranking in the NCAA's Division III. Gagliardi won't even put an assistant in the press box. "I don't go for all these electronic miracles with plays coming down from upstairs," he says. "We're an educational institution. If we can't teach our quarterback to handle himself on the field, we're in the wrong business."

THEY SAID IT

• Dennis Fryzel, Tampa Bay assistant coach, to an official when the Bucs were called for having 12 players on the field. "O.K., which one was it?"

• Blaine Nye, Dallas Cowboy guard, on his football philosophy: "It's not whether you win or lose but who gets the blame."

• Rod Laver, on the old days in professional tennis: "Ken Rosewall and I once played for the championship and got nothing. They'd spent all the gate receipts for advertising."

• Mike Newlin, Houston Rocket guard, after a game his team lost to the New York Nets: "We were the quintessence of athletic atrocity."

END



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THEY CAME TO PLAY

Most of the ABA survivors have shown they're plenty fit and, while two weeks do not a season make, Denver is fast giving the NBA originals plenty of fits

by Curry Kirkpatrick





Though it is too soon to certify the final nationwide results—the ballots on the New York Nets appear to have been impounded, for instance—the time seems about right to draw certain conclusions from the early samplings of a few precincts in pro basketball's mergerific season. Namely, that the famous Artis Gilmore cannot turn junk into jewelry by himself but that somebody named Dave Twardzik possibly can. That the San Antonio Spurs and Indiana Pacers cannot prosper while their leading scorers occupy hospital beds. That the Kansas City Kings have not reverted to the American Basketball Association, their lineup only looks that way. And finally that David Thompson will not soar right out of a building one night while leading the Denver Nuggets to Venus, Mars and an 82-0 season. Well, maybe not.

It should be noted that all of the above news items involve former ABA teams and players—the ABA, as you may remember, being that poor little league with the bench ball, the degree-of-difficulty shot and the 300-point games. A touch of irony here: when the NBA finally took in Denver, San Antonio, Indiana and the Nets as indoctrinated servants (each club had to fork over a \$3.2 million indemnity payment) the intent was to make more money, not to disturb the class structure on the playing floor. That much was obvious when the dispersal draft benefited a few NBA teams while virtually excluding former ABA clubs. At least they were better off than in the college draft, where they had even fewer choices. None, to be exact. All of which made it quite interesting that last week the ABA survivors—teams and individuals—were being very upwardly mobile.

Just a quick glance past the 24-second

and clocks around the league revealed that:

- The San Antonio Spurs beat the Team of the Century Philadelphia 76ers on opening night and then took on last year's NBA finalists, Phoenix and Boston. The Spurs got 41 points from Larry Kenon in a victory over Phoenix, then got 37 from George Gervin and led the Celtics by seven points in the second half before losing. Alas, the Spurs have since succumbed to injuries that have wiped out most of their backcourt, including star James Silas. Coach Doug Moe is frustrated. "What gets me down," he says, "is there are so many terrible teams in this league and here we are decimated and losing, so what can I say?"

- The Los Angeles Lakers have been rescued from guaranteed pathos by the appearance in backcourt of former ABA Guards Don Chaney, Mack Calvin and, especially, the missile-launching Bo Lamar. A few weeks ago Laker broadcaster Chick Hearn, who surely had resigned himself to another endless season of Cazzie Russell defense, sat watching Lamar at his first practice session, mumbling almost pleadingly, "Do it, Bo." Now, as Lamar continues to heave everything from the Santa Monica Freeway and average 12 points in 20 minutes' playing time, Hearn bellows into the mike, "Bo, Bo, Bo"—drawing the name out.

- The Indiana Pacers' young leader, Billy Knight, missed four games with a bad ankle but the Pacers put together a four-game winning streak anyway. They scared the ill-prepared Celtics in their opener before losing in overtime. Knight, who scored 29 points against Boston, said there was too much clogging in the NBA lanes and that he preferred the ABA. The Market Square Arena fans, expressing true joy that the NBA had finally returned to its home ground, screamed, clapped, stomped, boomed and shouted at the Celtics' coach. What they

continued

Now a guard, David Thompson has led the undefeated Nuggets high atop the Midwest Division



Not yet fully meshed with his new team, Dr. J struggled in the 76ers' win over Golden State

THE SURVIVORS continued

shouted was, "You're outta the bar now, Heinsohn."

• The Kansas City Kings have undergone cosmetic surgery by adding four ex-ABAers—Guards Ron Boone, Brian Taylor and Mike Barr, plus the league's reigning backup center, Jumbo Jim Eakins. Boone and Taylor are a nifty pair, averaging a combined 35 points, while Jumbo says, "I always heard that if there was no ABA, Jim Eakins would be out in the street. Times have changed. I'm here. Everytime I play I'm out to stick it in their faces." Against Seattle he was merely seven for seven from the floor.

• The Philadelphia 76ers finally got to practice with Julius Erving. Using what is basically an all-ABA front line of Dr. J, George McGinnis and Caldwell Jones, the Sixers are supposed to be on their way to 17 consecutive world championships. Golden State's Rick Barry, voting in opposition, proved he may still be the best all-round forward in the game by stopping Erving in his tracks last week. Still, the 76ers defeated the Warriors at Oakland.

• The New York Nets, destiny's dolts, have won four games without Erving or any other facsimile of an inside man. This is akin to Jimmy Carter capturing the lemonade vote without Amy. When the Nets win one more contest, Coach Kevin Loughery should be declared Coach of the Year on the spot if only for enduring the gunning, hilariously incompatible backcourt of John Williamson ("I'm so happy. This league is all I've dreamed of") and Tiny Archibald ("Some guys around here are just out for numbers. I'm in a web. This is very unenjoyable").

• The Portland Trail Blazers, while getting a UCLA-era, superhuman effort out of the Mountain Man, Bill Walton, have filled out their lineup with two key ABA graduates, Maurice Lucas and Dandy Dave Twardzik, who enable the Blazers to run like nobody else in the NBA and to lead the Pacific Division. What happens when an opposition shot goes up is that Walton and Lucas head for the defensive board while Twardzik and the other Blazers sprint in the other direction. Thus Portland barely edged Philly's juggernaut by the amazing count of 146-104. Before that, the Blazers got 80 points in a half against Atlanta, and Hawk Coach Hubie Brown wailed, "What is this, a track meet?"

The ABA impact has been felt in

other areas as well. While Detroit Pistons Coach Herb Brown waits for Marvin Barnes to recover from a sprained ankle and come save his job, he has inserted in his place little-known M.L. Carr, an ABA teammate of Barnes at St. Louis. (Trivia pause: no less than eight St. Louis Spirits, a last-place ABA team, are now playing heavy roles in the NBA—not including a ninth Spirit, the infant wayfarer, Moses Malone, who of course starts in a lot of airports, most recently Houston's.)

At Buffalo the other day Bird Averitt, ex-Kentucky, fired a rainbow that hit the back side of the backboard. "I don't know about that other league," Coach Tates Locke screamed at the Bird, "but over here we got rims on only one side of the board." Averitt was so mad at that he didn't give up the ball for 12 days, but he did help the Braves to one of their four victories by scoring seven points in the first five minutes against Philadelphia. Yep, the 76ers lost another one.

It is fairly remarkable how positively unawed the new NBA personnel are by their new surroundings. Barnes says the league has "better gyms," and Williamson admits it is nice to have all those people in the stands. But to San Antonio's George (Ice) Gervin, a big drawback is not being able to have his nickname printed on the back of his game jersey. "The NBA don't allow nothing but real names," Gervin says. "I thought Ice was slick." Of the famed NBA stars, Gervin says, "Yeah, I'm surprised. Except for Pistol (Pete Maravich) and Big Dave (Cowens) beating on our head, all I'm seeing out there is a whole lot of mess."

And Mike Green, Seattle's outspoken backup center, late of Virginia, admits to mixed emotions about his own transfer. "What you think the NBA is, heaven?" he says. "There's too much jamming the middle here. Guys spend half their lives learning how to play the game, and then they can't use anything because it's all jammed up." C'mon, Mike, isn't anything better? "Yeah," says Green. "In this league I get paid."

The early returns from Colorado are encouraging to all those who have prayed for the ABA. At the end of last week, the Denver Nuggets were the only unbeaten team in the pros. Coach Larry Brown has used vast depth, a Popsicle schedule and a lot of home games to get off to a quick start. Nevertheless, Thompson and his mates are no flukes. Last week

after embarrassing the New York Knicks in a nine-point game that could have been 59—"We paid them to play in this league?" shouted one Denver fan—the Nuggets went on the road and used 36 points by Thompson to come from behind and beat Chicago 93-85. The next night they won their seventh straight by defeating Milwaukee 105-103. These were Denver's first real tests. "On the road we may have trouble," says Brown, "but we don't lose many at home."

The Nugget coach likes to produce ABA-deprecating one-liners like "Now that we're in the bigs we can fly to games non-stop." But away from home the Nuggets warm up with the red, white and blue ball. They want to remember where they came from during their holy crusade for recognition.

On the season's opening night in New York, Brown and his old college and pro teammate, San Antonio's Moe, watched the Lakers and Knicks play an error-filled game. "All Doug could say was how awful they were," says Brown. "But I was in shock just realizing we were finally in the same league. It really was a thrill."

The grand experiment in Denver is the transition of Thompson to guard. The Nuggets lead off with Dan Issel, Bobby Jones and Gus Gerard—history's last all-white front line?—while Thompson is in backcourt with the tough quarterback,

Ted McLain. As he was at Boston, newcomer Paul Silas is the sixth man.

Thompson says that as a guard he is "more alert and I see things better," but he appears uncomfortable away from the basket. Sometimes he forces shots. His quickness is not so evident as when he is a cornerman, driving against taller forwards, and his rebounding prowess is often wasted when he is so far from the hoop. Yet even on an off-shooting night against the Knicks' Living Legends I and I.A. Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe, Thompson managed 24 points, including a couple of high-rise numbers that brought the house down.

"My, my," said Earl the Pearl in that marvelous way of his, "it would be hard for this young man to look bad. This team seems to have everything. The dudes are rolling as long as they keep that donut on the ledger."

One dude who cannot seem to get rolling is the 7'2" Gilmore. Billed as the ABA's best center, which he was, the former Kentucky Colonel has run into problems in Chicago, where his arrival coincided with illness to veterans and rookies, team adjustments to new Coach Ed Badger and a switch to a novel style, the half break. Sometimes the Bulls rush to mid-court with the ball, then stop dead.

Gilmore has not really played badly for 2-5 Chicago, just not enough. He averages 16.4 points and 13.6 rebounds in only 33 minutes of court time. Also he has not asserted himself, especially on offense. Against Milwaukee one night he took five shots. As a team the Bulls are shooting a preposterous 38% although Gilmore is near 50%. A performance against Atlanta when a rookie named Tommy Barker got 19 rebounds and made Gilmore look terrible was especially instructive.

"This Barkley [sic] really played well," Gilmore said, missing the name. "Apparently I'm not looking for my offense."

Badger says he is trying to get the Loop's new hope to set up on the right side of the basket as often as on the left to avoid double teams, and also to throw the outlet pass quicker and to avoid dribbling the ball "down where every midget in the world can take a shot at it. When my team gets tight," Badger says, "they revert to their Neanderthal tendencies."

That sounds like the kind of description Moe has been using to define his San Antonio club in recent days. At New



Boone fit easily into the Kansas City backcourt.

Orleans last Friday the Spurs seemed to jump out of their slump while taking a lead on the Jazz. But they were only setting the stage for Maravich to score five baskets in 1:44 of the third quarter. That took the fight out of the visitors, and the Pistol went on to record 20 points for the period as the Jazz won 127-119. "I don't consider San Antonio an ABA team anymore," Maravich said. "They're a division team, and they're going to be trouble before this is over."

Back home in Texas the Spur zealots already have earned a similar reputation. While ABA players may have to make adjustments on the court, NBA fellows must get used to the particularly obscene rabble-rousers who turn HemisFair Arena into a revenge of the Alamo.

"San Antonio is shops and outdoor cafés and artsy-craftsy deals and a canal (actually the San Antonio River) running through the city," says Boston's Dave Cowens, who had never been there before. Will he want to go back? The Celtic victory there was marked by nasty challenges being exchanged between Cowens and some end-zone fans and the husky center leading a contingent of fist-swinging Celtics into the crowd.

"Bunch of drunken Mexicans, right?" somebody asked San Antonio Trainer Bernie LaReau.

"Naw," said LaReau. "If Cowens ever goes into the Mexican seats, he'll never come back."

END



Gilmore was having his troubles with the Bulls.

MICHIGAN CHOKES ON A BOILERMAKER

Filled with heady visions of a ninth consecutive victory and, come January, a national championship, the Wolverines swaggered into Lafayette, Ind., hoping to swallow Purdue straight. Instead, they were bounced out of town on their ears **by Larry Keith**



All season long Bo Schembechler had been looking for a test. He wanted his top-ranked, unbeaten, unmolested Michigan football team to prove just how good it was—and how good it could be. For eight long weeks he had watched the Wolverines roll to one lopsided win after another. Cakewalks all of them: 352 points for our side, 58 points and multiple abrasions for theirs. It seemed that Schembechler would have to wait until the Ohio State game, as always, for the ultimate challenge.

At least it seemed that way until last Saturday afternoon in Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium, once famed as a Notre Dame burial ground. With three straight losses and a 3-5 record, the Boiler-makers did not appear to be much of a threat. They were fast losing their reputation as spoilers and, some said, were on the verge of losing their coach, Alex Agase. But throughout the game, as Purdue raised one knotty question after another, Michigan kept coming up with the wrong answer. And when it was over, the Wolverines, you might say, fumbled the test 16-14.

The game was decided by two field goals, one the Boiler-makers made and one the Wolverines didn't. There were four minutes, 20 seconds remaining when Rock Supan's 23-yarder put Purdue ahead. Still time for Michigan to score

again. In fact, as Quarterback Rick Leach brought the Wolverines down the field, they seemed in no particular hurry. Four first downs got them to the Purdue 23, but after three running plays the ball was only on the 19. Bob Wood was waved onto the field with 14 seconds left.

Last year Wood set a Michigan record with 11 field goals. This season he was six for eight. His 37-yard attempt would lend a dramatic touch to the mettle-testing victory Schembechler wanted. So here it was: snap, spot, kick ... long enough ... but off to the left. No good. There was jubilation in Ross-Ade Stadium but none on the bench of the former No. 1 team in the nation.

"We got down there at the end and we should have scored," Schembechler said later, "but when you depend on winning on a forward pass or a field goal, you're in trouble."

Schembechler's bias against passes and field goals is understandable. He has seldom tried the one and seldom needed the other. And field goals made, missed and passed up, remember, have kept him out of three of the last four Rose Bowls.

Alex Agase certainly wasn't kicking about Supan's field goal. Most of the time Supan is a free safety. In fact, his 11 tackles Saturday led the Boiler-maker defense. Supan did a little placekicking in high school but he did not become the Pur-

due kicker until the fifth game of this season, against Wisconsin. He beat the Badgers with a 20-yarder (not bad for on-the-job training) and was 4 for 7 coming into the game.

When Supan lined up to kick his winning field goal, he figured it was his fault the Boiler-makers were trailing in the first place. His extra-point attempt following Purdue's second touchdown had been blocked, perhaps because he had lined up the ball off center. "After I missed it I said to myself, 'Please give me an extra chance.'" And when the opportunity to make amends came, the sophomore said, he was not nervous at all. "I didn't have time to get nervous," he said. "I just went out and kicked the ball, and the feeling I had was the best of my life."

There is no telling exactly what the Wolverines felt. They had not lost to Purdue in 10 years or to any Big Ten team except Ohio State since 1969. "It hurts a lot more to lose when you win a lot like we do," said Schembechler. "We don't accept it—we shouldn't accept it—because we should have won. No defeat is good."

For Purdue, victory was plenty good. It is no secret that Agase's job is in danger, and even after the game Athletic Director George King would only say, "I haven't made a decision. At the end of the season we'll sit down and talk about the future."

Lately the atmosphere around Purdue has resembled that at Republican headquarters. In losing to Michigan State 45-13 the week before, even Agase admitted, "We lost our respect." But he encouraged his players to go out against the Wolverines and "get your respect back." Mission accomplished. "They couldn't have had a better team in the country to do that against," Agase said late Saturday afternoon.

You have to respect a team that out-gains the nation's leading offensive machine 360 yards to 335 and comes from behind twice to win. Michigan scored first, driving 58 yards after the Boiler-makers fumbled on the game's opening series. Leach rolled left for eight yards, and the Wolverines, who had outscored

their last two opponents 80-0, seemed on their way to another rout.

It was not to be. Purdue marched resolutely downfield, only to give up the ball at the Michigan 10. And when the Wolverines' Russell Davis fumbled at his 48, the Boilermakers stormed back. It only took four plays: Quarterback Mark Vitali's 20-yard pass to Ray Smith, a five-yard swing around left end by Scott Dierking, a 19-yard burst by John Skibinski and a four-yard run by Dierking.

Purdue's FOOLs (Fraternity of Offensive Linemen) had never blocked better, particularly on Purdue's fourth possession of the half, when the Boilermakers went 54 yards for the touchdown that put them ahead 13-7. Dierking scored that one, too, barreling the final 25 yards on a draw. "I stepped left at first," he said, "but when I saw their linemen slanting that way, I cut back. With a slanting team like theirs, you can't have any slow-developing plays. You have to be quick out of the backfield, and we were."

The Boilermakers took more than a lead into the locker room at halftime; they carried the confidence that they

could win. "We just went crazy in there," Dierking said. "We knew it could be, because we knew we could run on 'em."

It helped that Dierking was back in top form for the first time in four games. He was Purdue's leading ground gainer the past two years and had had some big games this season before suffering tendon damage against Wisconsin. He finished the afternoon with 162 yards rushing and a feeling of vindication for Agase. "I felt like I was playing for him today,"

Dierking said. "He got a lot of bad-mouthing around campus and in the papers this week. I think we deserved it, but the ribbing he took made me feel bad. I'd do anything for him."

Dierking was not out there alone, though. When the Wolverines took the second-half kickoff and drove to a first down on the Purdue four-yard line, the Boilermaker defenders stiffened and recovered a fourth-down fumble. The Purdue offense could do no better than punt, however, and back the Wolverines came. After four straight running plays by Harlan Huckleby gained 13 yards, Leach connected with Jim Smith for a 64-yard scor-

ing pass. With his boys back in front 14-13, Schembechler was having nothing but to say about passes quite yet.

In the fourth quarter the Wolverines lost a chance to put the game away—and helped set up Purdue's drive for the winning field goal—when Rob Lytle fumbled on first down at the Boilermaker 29. As Vitali, Skibinski and Dierking brought Purdue upfield, Supan waited for the opportunity to redeem himself. And when that opportunity did come, Supan was up to it.

Whether or not the Wolverines can regain the No. 1 spot they held for so many weeks will depend on their ability to rebound—and a little help from someone else. Assuming a victory over Illinois this week, Michigan must then beat Ohio State in Columbus, thus qualifying for the Rose Bowl, where they can knock off the Pac-8 representative, UCLA or USC. At the same time they need someone—perhaps Penn State or a bowl opponent—to beat Pittsburgh, the new No. 1. It's a tough combination, but certainly no tougher than playing Purdue turned out to be.

END

Michigan's defense had shut out Stanford, Wake Forest, Indiana and Minnesota, but Dierking, who rushed for 162 yards, went over and around it for two TDs.



YOUTH WAS SWERVED AS THE FRENCH SWEEPED

The three Gallic entries blanketed the field in the boggy 25th International, but the bred-in-the-U.S. winner had to survive a claim of foul **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The goings-on in the days leading up to the 25th running of the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, Md. were bizarre, almost as crazy as the running of the race itself. There was the strange sight of Fujino Puhsha, a 5-year-old representing Japan, who was walked and walked under both saddle and blanket until everyone thought he would turn to butter. Janus II from Brazil went through workout after workout with a jockey on his back but no saddle whatsoever. West Germany's Windwurf was tended by his Polish jockey, Jerry Jednaszewski, who kissed women's hands while simultaneously clicking the heels of his boots. The Norwegian horse, Noble Dancer II, was not only the first horse ever to honor his nation by being

invited to the International, but he was also trained by a steeplechase rider, Tené Dahl, 40, one of the best at this trade in the world. Yet certainly the oddest thing of all about the silver anniversary International was the fact that Youth and Ivanjica, both from France and the top two runners in Europe this year, would decide the championship of their continent on a glucky bog located midway between Baltimore and Washington.

The International has always been faced with one difficulty or another, and this year's renewal seemed to prove conclusively that it will never reach its 26th birthday unless drastic alterations are made. Through the years 230 horses have come to Laurel from 23 nations supposedly to meet the finest U.S. performers

in what is called "The Olympics of Racing." Keeping that flame lit at Laurel through the years has cost management more than \$7 million. This year, however, not a single U.S. horse got into the starting gate because the two who accepted invitations, Effervescent and Improviser, were both withdrawn—Improviser because of an injury. Effervescent because the turf course was in such poor shape that his trainer, John Russell, felt there was too great a chance for injury. So it was that only eight horses faced the starter to run 1½ miles for a purse of \$150,000, with \$100,000 to the winner and payments going all the way back to sixth (\$5,000).

For the last 16 years the U.S. and France have dominated the International, winning seven races apiece (Ireland and England won once each), and France upheld its share of the tradition last Saturday in spectacular fashion. Youth was first by 10 widening lengths in a plodding 2:46½, with the two other French entries, On My Way II and Ivanjica, finishing second and third.

Two things will make the 1976 running of the race memorable. The first is that Youth proved himself a great horse, perhaps as good as Forego. The second

On the glucky Laurel turf, Jockey Sandy Hawley had to work for most of the race to get Youth through all the traffic. When he did, the colt had clear sailing.



is the splendid tactical ride Jockey Sandy Hawley gave Youth. It was a delight to watch, and it's a shame that the stewards didn't observe it more closely. With half a mile remaining, Noble Dancer II, On My Way II, Rose Bowl (from England) and Ivanjica were fanned out four wide across the track with barely a nostril separating them. Youth was in fifth place and faced with a horrendous problem. The wall of animals in front of him was certainly not going to step aside to make way for his late charge. Hawley could consider trying to circle the four up front, but if he did so he would lose a vast amount of ground and also would have to run on the softest, most difficult part of the racetrack.

So Hawley stayed back and waited for an opening. With a quarter of a mile still to run, a crack appeared and he shot Youth through it. Hawley was not yet home free, however. Taking the lead on the outside, he swerved sharply toward the rail, which caused Alfred Gilbert, the rider of On My Way II, to snatch his horse up and, momentarily, stop riding.

Once clear of his opposition, Hawley set Youth down for the run to the wire. He drew out and sailed serenely away to the biggest winning margin in the history of the International. Youth had humiliated the field and incidentally won the championship of Europe, beating the seventh-place finisher, Windwurf, by some 47 lengths. (Brazil's Janus II was eased up in last place.) If Youth hadn't veered, of course, he might have won even more easily. But by causing On My Way II to be hastily checked, Youth seemed guilty of a foul.

When the field got under the wire, the stewards flashed the INQUIRY sign. That sign was soon joined by an OBJECTION light when Gilbert claimed foul against Hawley. After long deliberation, both lights went out, but no OFFICIAL sign went up. Youth was led into the winner's enclosure, but the OFFICIAL sign was still not lit. Youth paraded around with Hawley aboard. Finally the OFFICIAL was flashed. It was a tawdry performance by the stewards.

While Youth represented France, he is owned by Texan Nelson Bunker Hunt and was conceived in Kentucky (Ack Ack-Gazda II by 1953 Kentucky Derby winner Dark Star) and foaled in Maryland. Packaged into a \$6 million breeding syndicate, Youth will never race again. That is a shame. His entire career

consisted of only 11 races, eight of which he won, with earnings of \$687,624.

Hunt's success in Internationals is astonishing. He has started five horses in the race in the last four years and won it three times. In addition to this year's victory with Youth, Hunt's light- and dark-green colors also flashed home first in 1975 with Nobiliary and in '73 with Dahlia. Counting the third-place money picked up by Dahlia in 1974, Hunt has won \$310,000 in the International in less than 10 minutes of racing.

The big concern about this year's race was whether Youth would even get to start. Two weeks earlier he had won the Canadian International Championship at Woodbine, outside of Toronto, in a canter. But upon arriving at Laurel he developed a cut on his right hind hoof. His trainer, Maurice Zilber, doubted that the colt would be ready to run and predicted that Ivanjica would win.

For three days Youth's status wavered between dubious and doubtful, but Zilber is a cagey man. He plays for every edge he can get, and by telling stories he often makes the opposition think hard about changing tactics. On the Tuesday before the race he watched Ivanjica and Rose Bowl work together. "I knew what I saw," Zilber said after the International. "Rose Bowl was moving better than Ivanjica. I knew then that Ivanjica was over the hill."

The small crowd of 22,762 at the track on Saturday didn't think that way at all. Until the last flash on the tote board, Youth was a slight favorite, but in the final counting, Ivanjica was pushed into the favorite spot with \$46,032 bet on her to \$45,616 wagered on Youth. "If the track was not off today," said Zilber later, "Youth would have won by 20 lengths."

Between now and next year drastic changes will have to be made to keep the International afloat as a world-class race. Oh, it has a fine list of winners, but by today's standards the purse is too small. John Schapiro, who founded the race and still runs it, is hopeful that he can find a sponsor willing to put up a \$500,000 purse. This year the race was not covered by television in this country, and thus there was no TV money to help defray the costs of bringing in horses and paying the participants' expenses, which have often exceeded \$300,000. It would come as no great surprise if Philip Morris, which sponsors the Marlboro

Cup, were to join Schapiro in promoting next year's running.

One thing that Schapiro must do before then is rebuild his turf course so that it will shed water. The trainers were furious about the condition of the course: horses' hooves plunged down into it as deep as a foot, which was why John Russell scratched Effervescent. "My horse is in a whole lot better shape than he was when he won the Man o'War at Belmont," Russell said. "But he is a speed horse and wouldn't get any traction here. You can't change the way you train a horse in a few days. The way the course is now suits the European horses much better because they are used to running over wet courses. I want to run in the International because that's my kind of thing, but I'm not going to risk the career of a 3-year-old by sending him out on a track he can be hurt on. There is very little drainage on the track. It's like a bog. I really hate to scratch, but a horseman's job is his horse."

Another major problem facing the International is the fact that the \$250,000 Champions Handicap is run on the same day at Santa Anita. A purse that large naturally lures the better U.S. horses. Schapiro and the management at Santa Anita must work out the conflict. The Champions was won by King Pellinore, who turned down a bid to the International and who many feel is the best grass horse in this country. At Santa Anita, King Pellinore won on dirt.

The International has had problems before and solved them. The race will surely get other good horses, but how many like Youth? Horses like him don't come down the bog every day. **END**



One of Hunt's rewards: a kiss from Liz Taylor.

SETTING HIS SIGHTS ON THE SUPER BOWL

Quarterback Bert Jones hits pass receivers and geese with equal accuracy, and has Baltimore atop the AFC East with an 8-1 record **by Robert F. Jones**

Football is like calculus," says Bert Jones. "Someone has to show you how to do it, but once you've got 'er figured, why, she's easy."

Yesfree. Last Sunday the Baltimore Colts' young quarterback worked his own brand of mathematical wizardry on the San Diego Chargers, and the solution was Baltimore 37, San Diego 21. Jones hit 18 of 25 passes for 275 yards and 3 touchdowns. The Einstein of the AFC's Eastern Division multiplied his own sharp passing game by a factor of four—the legs of AFC rushing leader Lydell Mitchell, who pounded out 91 yards, and the hands of Wide Receiver Roger Carr, who caught three passes for 43 yards and two touchdowns—as Baltimore fattened its record to 8-1.

In the process Jones maintained his status as the AFC's top passer: he now has completed 136 of 223 (61%) for 2,067 yards and 15 touchdowns, with only five interceptions. So the 25-year-old, snuff-dipping country boy from Ruston, La. seems to have it all. A strong right arm that can whip the ball out of sight in a flat trajectory, and an eye that does credit to a frontier squirrel marksman. A resilient 6'3"-by-210-pound frame that can withstand the impact of massive tacklers. Long, strong legs that cover the 40 in 4.7 seconds and have already carried him to two touchdowns and 137 yards. A head that can sort defensive sets and shifts with the speed of a computer. And most of all, a driving, demanding quality of leadership that one normally associates with much older quarterbacks—men like Billy Kilmer or Fran Tarkenton or Roger Staubach—coupled with that rarest of graces in an NFL field general: a sparkling, joy-to-be-with personality.

The leadership was strong in his voice

one black, cold morning on the outskirts of Baltimore early last week. A phone rang in a motel room and the party who answered heard these words in a firm, Deep South drawl: "Listen now. It's 4:30 in the mornin'. I'll be out in front of the lobby entrance at five o'clock on the button. You better be there." Click.

At precisely 5 a.m. a red and white Ford travelall wheeled up to the motel entrance. Stars blinked frostily in the

Maryland night as Bertram Hays Jones stepped from the truck, resplendent in Levi's, a blue wool shirt and red-and-white suspenders, to one of which was pinned his hunting license. A green felt slouch hat topped the long, boyish face, and Bert flashed his huge, white grin. Shades of Davy Crockett grinning a raccoon out of the trees. The customary quid of "snose"—Copenhagen snuff, of course—bulged in his lower lip, and he loosed a stream 10 feet across the driveway.

"Let's go goozin'," he said, throwing his passenger's camouflage hunting gear into the back of the truck, where boxes of ammunition and cased shotguns lay amidst a melange of empty snuff tins, expended shell cases and game-bird feathers. "It's an hour and change to the Eastern Shore where we're huntin'," he said, "and I'm afraid it'll be light when we get there. All them geese will be out



Jones saved the Colts' season by restoring harmony to the team before the opening game



Calling the shots in the Baltimore huddle, Jones is "headly, tough and wild," says Colt Offensive Tackle George Kuntz, "and it kind of rubs off on the rest of us."

and flyin'." He swung up into the cab and hit the accelerator. Country music whined from the FM radio—Dropkick Me, Jesus (Through the Goalposts of Life)—and Jones added his tremulous vocalizations to the cacophony as he drove.

It was hard to realize that just 24 hours earlier, this jolly young man was as sick as a gut-shot hound dog, and only five hours earlier he had run off the field at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium after whupping the Houston Oilers 38-14. "I came down with the bug on Friday," he said, "and I couldn't eat all weekend. Drank orange juice, mainly, and tried to rest. I upchucked just before the game, and again on the sidelines during the first quarter. But the fever broke about halftime, and I felt just great—a little hollow, maybe, but clear and quick." Yes indeed, clear and quick enough to complete 19 of 28 passes for 197 yards. Clear and quick enough to adapt his signal-calling to a weakness on the left side of the Oilers' rush line, thus exploding Lydell Mitchell for 136 yards. Clear and quick enough, when Houston Cornerback Zeke Moore caught him running for the sidelines after finding his receivers covered, to hurdle clean over the would-be tackler's dive and avoid getting hit precisely at the knees. "That was a cheap shot, wasn't it?" he

mused, recalling the episode. "Ol' Zeke was goin' for bone. I had to get over the top of him."

A Louisiana leadfoot from 'way back, Jones drove fast and loose down the Beltway, steering with one hand, now and then rolling down the window to wet the median strip with snuff juice, and free-associating on his life, past and present. (Never the future, not if you're a quarterback.) "If I had my Beechcraft Bonanza up here, we could of been out to the geese in 15 minutes," he lamented, "but I've got her down home in Ruston. I took up flying about a year and half ago out of necessity. The only Interstates in Louisiana run east and west, the rest is all two-lane blacktop. My girl, Danna Dupuis, lives up in Opelousas, and it used to take me five hours to drive her home. Now I do it in an hour flat. My brother Schump is a fighter pilot in the Air Force—graduated first in his class from flight school—and I always looked up to him. We're all pretty much of a sporting family. Ben, who's younger than me, was drafted by the St. Louis Cardinals last year but got cut. It was the last cut, mind you. He's back at school studying mechanical engineering. Bill's a lawyer over to Houston with John Connolly's firm, but he was a good college player at Louisiana Tech. Tom—he's the youngest, only 16—stands 6'3" and plays quarter-

back for Ruston High just like I did. He's the best of us, athletically. You watch out for him in years to come."

Bert's daddy, William A. Jones, owner and proprietor of the Ruston Lumber & Supply Co., wears the nickname of "Dub." On Nov. 25, 1951, when Bert was still in diapers, Dub Jones scored six touchdowns for the Cleveland Browns against the Chicago Bears—the high point of his 10-year career as a pro halfback and a mark that still stands in the record book. During his eight years under Paul Brown, Dub helped Cleveland win six straight conference titles and three world championships, teaming with such golden oldies as Mac Speedie, Dante Lavelli, Lou Groza, Marion Motley and Otto Graham.

"I grew up around the Browns," said Bert, "and when I was in high school, I was ball boy for four years at their camp there at Hiram College. Apart from shagging kicks for Lou Groza, lugging ice, cleaning shoes and washing uniforms, I got to warm up Frank Ryan and Jim Ninkowski before games. They taught me the finer points of passing a football."

Although Bert suffered from a bone abnormality for two years, and wore braces until he was four years old, he has always had a strong arm. "Best dang rock thrower in Lincoln County," says his daddy, "and if you can fling a rock

continued

real good, you can fling anything." On Dec. 15, 1974, Baby Bert flung good enough to join Dub in the record book as he completed 17 consecutive passes against the New York Jets.

During Bert's days at Ruston High, his archrival for all-state quarterback honors was Joe Ferguson, then of Sturtevant's Woodlawn High School and now of the Buffalo Bills. "Fergy beat me out for all-state first string," said Bert, "but we're still good friends. He knows I'm a Tootsie Roll freak, and when we went up there to play Buffalo last year, he come out to meet me on the field, all deadpan like, and stuck out his hand for a shake. It was full of Tootsie Rolls." He wagged his head in the waning darkness of the truck cab. "Damn sorry Fergy got hurt like that last week."

Bert himself was hurt badly enough in the second of last season's Colts-Bills games to keep most quarterbacks out of action. As he scrambled, a Bills helmet

spearred him in the side, leading to three ribs cracked in 11 different places, but he didn't miss a game.

"That taught me to be a leetle carefuller about running with the ball," he said, laughing. "I like to run, but it's really not worth the risk most times. Do it when you have to, really have to, but otherwise . . . I couldn't take a deep breath until March without the lesson coming back again."

In the playoffs against Pittsburgh, Jones was racked up once more, this time by a hit on the triceps muscle of his throwing arm. "It was real scary," he recalled. "My arm went black, kind of slow like, from the shoulder to the fingertips. Black blood from contusions. There was just one white spot left, in the palm of my hand. My elbow was all stiff from the dead blood in there, and it wasn't till the fourth quarter that I could throw again." With Jones injured, the Steelers ended the Coli season with a 28-10 victory.

Courage in the face of pain is a basic requirement of a professional athlete, but courage in the face of owners and general managers is not part of the contract. Thus, Jones' actions early this season, just before the opening game, were particularly laudable. When Colts Owner Robert Iray, panicky after a poor Baltimore preseason (2-4), forced Coach Ted Marchbroda to resign, and General Manager Joe Thomas backed up Iray, Jones took a bold stand. He threatened to leave the team at the end of the season if Marchbroda wasn't reinstated, and read a lesson in maturity to his elders. Iray, calmed by Jones' cold threat, relented. The family squabble that could have destroyed the Colts' spirit ended, and Marchbroda returned. "I like to look at the bright side of things," said Bert, "and I think that what happened was an underlying blessing because it re-established team unity. You know, it takes three mules pulling in the same direction to have a winning football team."

Marchbroda was instrumental in shaping Jones into a standout. A former quarterback at St. Bonaventure and with the Steelers, and later offensive coordinator for Los Angeles and Washington, Marchbroda took over the Colts in 1975 after the team had suffered through three

disastrous seasons under four coaches and a 1974 record of 2-12, the worst in Colt history. Jones, who had been Baltimore's first draft pick in 1973 after an All-America career at LSU, had plenty of physical talent but had not yet mastered the fine art of reading defenses. Marchbroda left his family at home in Virginia, and spent his nights tinkering with Bert's brain. "He's the carpenter," Jones said. "You can't throw a load of lumber on a lot and expect a house to go up by itself. It has to be built, and Ted did our building."

In addition to learning how to scan defenses and come up with the right ploys to subvert them, Jones also got a solid offensive line to protect him. "There they are," Jones said suddenly, honking his horn and blinking the Ford's taillights as he passed a Mercedes sedan. "That's most of my offensive line in that car. George Kunz, Robert Pratt and Elmer Collett. Our left tackle, David Taylor, was supposed to be along but he got the flu last night. They're going hunting with us." He tapped the horn again and stood on the throttle. "It's a great line—unsung," as they say. Robert's my roommate and the left guard. We run most of our ground game over the right side, behind George and Elmer, just like we did last night against the Oilers. They move people out of there in a hurry."

From the top of the bridge that spans Chesapeake Bay between Annapolis and the Eastern Shore, the dawn of a cloudless day spread layers of rusty light on the waterfowl flats of Maryland. Jones pointed out a string of Canada geese moving in a wavy sprawl across the tableland. A million geese—the majority of the birds on the Atlantic Flyway—winter along the Delmarva Peninsula, and on a good day it is possible to see half of them in the air at dawn and dusk. This day, though, didn't look too good for goose hunting, a sport that thrives on dark, wet, overcast weather. What's more, a three-quarter moon had shone most of the night.

"Yep," said Bert, "they could've been feeding all through the night, but this place I'm taking you to, the rule don't apply. It's a bluebird kind of day, but there'll be birds there, birds aplenty. I'll show you a hundred thousand Canadian geese this morning."

Wheeling through the back country, one had the feeling that the clock had rolled back a full century. Stately, if

continued



Shouldering his "birds and bee," Jones carries some Canadian geese to a farmhouse breakfast

THE STORY OF GM'S NEW, FULL-SIZE CARS FOR 1977... DESIGNED AND ENGINEERED FOR A CHANGING WORLD. CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK AND CADILLAC.

In the beginning we had a goal. To use the world's foremost automotive technology and design a line of totally new full-size cars that would give more miles per gallon. To provide the comfort, quiet and security expected from full-size cars. To give them clean lines, aerodynamically tuned in the wind tunnel. To make them easier to park and more maneuverable in city traffic, but with traditional roominess and luggage capacity. And to help make them last through the use of new corrosion-resisting treatments. Read on and find out more about General Motors' all-new full-size cars . . . designed and engineered for a changing world.

We started with the structure. It had to be strong and secure, so we refined it by computer.

The basic structure of our 1977 full-size cars is made up of the frame and the body. By "frame," we mean the orange girder-like object in the illustration. And by "body," we mean the gray portion that houses the passengers and luggage.

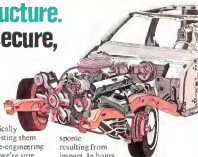
Since the frame is the underpinning for the car, it has to be strong. And since the body is what surrounds you, it has to be secure. How do we design these qualities into a car? Through a variety of techniques that include building prototypes of the frame and



body practically by hand, testing them and then re-engineering them until we're sure they're right.

In addition, for 1977 the frame and body of our full-size cars had the design and testing help of computers.

For example, if we want to simulate how the frame and body of a car might respond when it runs over a chuck-hole, we can read engineering drawings into a computer and then mathematically "drive" the car over the chuck-hole to evaluate frame and body re-



sponse resulting from impact. In hours rather than months we can learn such things as which shape to use and how strong it should be.

Now this is not to suggest that we have forgotten our many time-proven testing procedures. A battery of grueling tests goes into every new prototype. And the end result is that GM's 1977 full-size cars are strong, smooth-riding automobiles designed to give you a sense of security as you drive.



In the study of aerodynamics, "drag" is the force that resists the forward motion of an object moving through the air. A "clean" automobile, then—one with careful attention to local details to reduce drag—is inherently more efficient and needs less power to drive.

So for 1977 we tested our body designs in the wind tunnel at the General Motors Technical Center and at other facilities. Working from quarter- and full-scale clay models, we softened leading edges and modified

our designs to help reduce drag. We smoothed out the windshield pillars to lessen wind resistance. And on some models, we added air deflectors under the front bumper to divert air from drag-inducing areas beneath the car. Result—a more efficient design, and that's the name of today's game.

From a styling standpoint, we naturally wanted our new full-size cars to look great as

Then came body designs. We wanted less drag, so we tuned them in the wind tunnel.

well as be fuel-efficient. We think you'll agree they are some of the most handsome cars to come along in years.

At the same time, we believe you'll

be impressed with the attention to detail, as exemplified by the tight-fitting doors, windows, trunks and hoods. And when you drive our new '77s, we know you'll experience a new feeling of comfort, solidity and security.





Body by Fisher construction and new corrosion- resisting treatments help make our '77s tough and durable.

At a time when the world is running out of natural resources, we believe that cars should be designed to last. And for 1977 we have paid particular attention to corrosion protection for our full-size cars.

There is extensive use of galvanized steel, zinc iron alloys and Zincrometal®—a new coated steel for outer door panels, rear quarter panels and other areas.

We are using permanently flexible, aluminized anti-rust materials and hot-melt coatings to help protect body joints and seams.

And all our full-size cars for '77 have inner front fender panels to help guard the outer fenders from kicked-up stones and salt.

Further, every 1977 full-size car receives particular attention to assure that the final finish will be both durable and good-looking. All exposed surfaces go through a multi-step cleaning, rinsing and phosphating process before getting two coats of primer (with additional coats at corrosion-sensitive areas). Then



comes the final finish of GM's Magic-Mirror acrylic lacquer, which is baked to a gleaming, long-lasting finish.

In total, GM's full-size cars for '77 represent a number of important advances to help make them last and look great over the years.

Better utilization of space gives full 6-passenger roominess. New acoustical engineering techniques help provide a quiet ride.

Our interior designers had two objectives when they went to work on the '77 full-size cars. To retain the feeling of interior spaciousness and comfort GM owners are used to. And to provide a quiet ride.

They began with the design of what we call the "greenhouse"—the window portion of the passenger compartment. A new roof and more vertical side pillars and doors were designed to maintain much of the

same perceived openness of the '76s. And rear seat kneeroom and legroom are even better on the new models, especially the coupes. In addition, our new door designs permit easier entry and exit—the best, in fact, in years.

As for quiet, our acoustics specialists began by "engineering out" squeaks and rattles. Then they turned their attention to sealing out noises, and a whole new family of seals was developed. Finally, they employed new noise-suppression techniques, such as one-piece foam-backed acoustic headliners and one-piece carpets with more efficient floor-insulating materials. Take a demonstration drive and you'll see—and feel—just how quiet they are to drive.



Our goal was plenty of trunk space for families and salesmen. We succeeded.

If you've ever taken a family of six on a week-long campout, you know how vital a large trunk is. Same for salesmen who have to lug around samples or stacks of literature. Well, for 1977, GM's full-size cars hold as

much as last year's in nearly every instance. There's not a small trunk in the lot; in fact, in most cases they are even bigger than in 1976.

This was accomplished in a number of ways, such as design changes in the

rear compartment floor, spare tire placement and trunk height. At the same time, a redesigned trunk lid and new, improved weather seals are designed to keep out even high-pressure drenchings at the car wash.

You've read about our extensive efficiency improvements for 1977. But let's face it. They're just talk unless they can pay off for you in more miles per gallon of gas. So take a look at the chart and see how some of our new models rate. Please remember, however, that EPA figures are only estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary according to the kind of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

Further, because of additional emission control equipment, EPA figures for cars sold in California are lower.

To see all the EPA figures and a complete list of available power trains, drop by your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac dealer's. And while you're there, ask to drive our new full-size cars.

The payoff. Read the EPA gas mileage estimates for our new full-size cars.



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Model	Engine	Standard Transmission	EPA Estimates Highway City	
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Pontiac Bonneville	301 cu.-in.* V-8, 2-bbl.	Automatic	23	17
Oldsmobile Delta 88	260 cu.-in.*† V-8, 2-bbl.	Automatic	23	17
Buick LeSabre	231 cu.-in. V-6, 2-bbl. 2.73 Rear Axle	Automatic	25	18
Cadillac DeVille	425 cu.-in. V-8, 4-bbl.	Automatic	18	14

*NOT AVAILABLE IN CALIFORNIA

†AVAILABLE AT EXTRA COST

somewhat shabby, pillared mansions stood in the midst of sere fields. White oaks, thick around as water towers, reared their red heads in the dawn light, and frost lay thick on the mowed fields. Everywhere geese were on the move, their yelping, beaglelike voices echoing down through the icy morning air. It would have come as no surprise to see J.E.B. Stuart leading a troop of cavalry in butternut uniforms, sabers glinting in the dawn, up one of the metaled roads.

Jones turned the truck down an oak-lined lane and braked to a stop in front of a white clapboard farmhouse. Two men in camouflage hunting clothes waited, grinning at the arriving hero. "That's Ed and Howard," said Jones. "They're the best goazin' guides in this neck of the peninsula. The Colts have been coming here for years, and they take good care of us."

"Well, you done 'er," said Ed as Jones dismounted. "Put a real slick on them birds." Geese barked overhead, and dogs—mainly Labrador retrievers—answered them from the kennels behind the house as the guides debriefed Bert on the Houston game.

"Let's get a move on," said Howard as the Mercedes pulled up, chockablock with bulging linemen. Collett and Pratt went off with Howard, while Kunz and Jones teamed up with the bespectacled, affable Ed. Jumbo, a bright-eyed black Lab pulsating with eagerness, joined the crew in Ed's pickup.

The blind was tight, a narrow slot camouflaged with cornstalks and pine limbs in the midst of a stubble field. Kunz and Jones placed the decoys as geese whirled overhead, seemingly only waiting for the decks to be set before flying to the guns. Back in the blind, Bert loaded his "pride and joy," a field-scarred Winchester Model 12 pump gun in 12 gauge. No sooner had he slipped the last of three high-brass shells full of No. 2 shot into the magazine than a horrendous racket rose from the west.

"Look at that," said Jones, peering out of the blind. From the river not a half mile away rose an air force of geese, blotting out the sky for fully the width of the horizon. "I told you I'd show you some birds."

"Get ready," warned Ed from his post at the head of the blind. "We don't want to shoot at any groups of six or more, but we'll get some pairs and threes and fours passing over. We'll let the Jones

boy shoot first, then you other guys can wipe his eye." He cackled mock-nastily with the rough jocosity of the hunting blind, and crouched back into cover.

A lone goose swept up the line of small pines that masked the blind. Jones rose and slammed the shotgun butt to his shoulder, firing in the same instant. The bird folded, dead in midair, and thumped to the ground in a spume of breast and neck down.

Now it was George Kunz's turn. At 6' 6" and 266 pounds, Kunz filled nearly half of the blind with his bulk. A pair of birds veered away from the main flight and whistled over the decoy set, looking it over in preparation for a landing.

"I'll take the lead bird," said Kunz. He stood up—a blond mountain armed with a toothpick of a shotgun—and fired, while another gunner took the trailing bird. Both fell.

"You dropped him like a bad habit," said Bert. "But I think the rest of 'em saw you and spooked off. Why don't you get littler, George?"

"You better watch it, Jonesy," said Kunz. "or I'll let one of them mean old defensive tackles in on you next Sunday."

Within the hour the party had killed its limit of three geese apiece, with Bert dropping a nifty double on the last pass. Clearly his eye was as good with a shotgun as it is with a football. What was it his favorite receiver, Roger Carr, had said? "Hey, this guy can unload one 70 yards anytime he likes and hit a dime." It was no exaggeration.

Walking back to the farmhouse, and a breakfast of sausage, biscuits, citron preserves and hot, welcome coffee (except for Bert, who drinks iced tea summer and winter), Kunz let Jones get ahead and then said, "Just look at him go. He was so sick last night that I thought he'd fall down if an Otter so much as breathed on him. But he played another great game. He's heady, he's tough, he's wild. It kind of rubs off on the rest of us."

Kunz smiled and shook his head. "And you know what? I've been around this league for eight years, six with Atlanta and then here, and I've never met a nicer guy at any position. That's why we take care of him."

Up ahead, romping through the frosty stubble with a goose over each shoulder and Jumbo the Lab leaping at his heels, Bert Jones gave forth a wild, yodeling rebel yell. It was a paroxysm to life—the calculus of victory.

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DOWN A DARK HALL AT 185 MPH

Bone-weary and alone, the men who race at Le Mans must hurtle through a night that they fear will never end

by SAM POSEY



The 24-hour race at Le Mans is a monument to the idea that life goes on. It is a French national institution dating back more than half a century, with a quarter of a million devotees turning out every June for a scene that perhaps can be compared only to the Woodstock rock festival. But to the driver, speeding through the night portion of the race in a vehicle that is about as sturdy as an eggshell, with lights as useful at 200 mph as

miner's lamps, the idea that life will go on—or that the night will ever end—doesn't seem the least bit assured.

At any time, day or night, Le Mans is an imposing circuit. Its many fast turns permit laps of an extremely high average speed but, because the track is narrow and lined with guardrails, the sensation is of aiming your car down a twisting hallway. A lap is 8.36 miles long and takes you through the rural country-



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HEINDEL

side on the outskirts of the railroad town of Le Mans, 135 miles southwest of Paris. Most of the circuit consists of main roads ordinarily open for public use, and as you rip past fields and farmhouses and occasionally plunge through dense pine forests you are in fact rushing from one small Le Mans suburb to another. Mulanne is one of these towns. Arnage is another. At racing speeds, however, you rarely notice the scenery.

At night there's almost nothing to see except the road. Cars are no longer recognizable by their shapes or colors; they are just twin dots of light. The few illuminated landmarks that do exist surge at you out of the dark in an endless repetitive sequence. The pits. The carnival at the esses. The café that's one-third of the way along the straight leading from Le Mans out to Mulanne. The rest of the lap becomes abstract: rows of bright

reflectors along both sides of the road outline the route clearly but make it look more like a lighted diagram than a race circuit. In this way the night conceals many of the specific hazards of the course, replacing a sense of coming and going from particular danger points with a pervasive uneasiness.

Half of a Le Mans driver's night is spent on the track, the other half trying to get some sleep while his co-driver is out with the car. The more organized teams rent trailers behind the pits as dormitories for their drivers, and in the eight years I have done the race I have always gone to my trailer knowing I must sleep to keep my reflexes working. But sleep has never been easy to come by.

In the darkness of the trailer I see images of the road rushing at me, as if all those laps have been stamped on my mind, a tape loop that cannot be shut off. If I close my eyes, a second later I'm grabbing for the edge of the cot, convinced I'm falling, hours of violent motion in a car have upset my balance. Every year the trailer walls seem thinner, or else the cars are louder, and the roaring is a reminder that my car is out there somewhere. When I am particularly tired I get the idea that the car is still going not so much because the nuts and bolts are right but because the whole team is willing it to run—sheer mind over matter. For me to sleep is to reduce by one the force that keeps the car going.

One year, 1970, I spent my hours in the trailer half convinced I would not live through the night. That was the year it rained for 20 of the 24 hours. Rain is frightening even on a slow track in broad daylight. At night, driving through Le Mans' fast turns and down the long Mulanne straight, it is terrifying. On the water-soaked track the tires of my Ferrari aquaplaned uncontrollably, the steering wheel sometimes being wrenched back and forth in my hands and sometimes going dead. Seen from the cockpit the rain didn't fall; it came at me horizontally. Drivers usually remain at the

continued

wheel for three hours or more during the night, allowing their co-drivers a chance to rest, but in the rain that year the concentration required was so great that no one could stay on the track for more than 90 minutes at a stretch. I made so many trips back to the trailer I lost count. Each time I took with me fresh memories of disaster, of fires burning around the track, wrecked cars crammed against guardrails, shiny slickers of rescue workers visible in the headlights, a flag marshal dead at the chicane.

In 1976 the Le Mans night was different. It was humid, the air hanging heavy and close, promising another day as hot as the one we had just had. But it was clear—no chance of rain. I was driving for the BMW team, and at 1 a.m. I was between stints at the wheel. I was lying on a cot in one of our trailers. It was too hot to close the windows, and the sound of the cars penetrated the trailer at irregular intervals, unusually loud. An hour before, having just completed a long period in the car, I had enjoyed a compulsive, overwhelming need to replace lost liquids and had overdone it, gulping three quarts of mineral water. I felt bloated, and my thick fireproof underwear was hot and sweaty, but I was too tired to pull it off.

In the opposite corner of the trailer, sleeping soundly, was a German girl, hired by BMW as a hostess for our hospitality camper. The previous afternoon she had been a whirlwind of activity as she made sandwiches and served drinks.

"You'd better take it easy if you're planning to be up all night," I had said to her.

"It doesn't matter," she had answered, laughing. "Your cars will break down early." But they hadn't—or rather mine hadn't; the other three BMWs were out.

As I lay in the trailer I thought back to the start of the race, which seemed a very long time ago. I remembered being on the grid, in all the color and sunlight, posing for pictures in front of the car, clowning with my co-driver to relieve the tension. And I remembered the first lap, racing down the Mulsanne straight, the cars weaving in and out. We all had energy to spare, then.

I got up carefully, so as not to wake the girl, and crossed the compound to the team camper. It was empty, its lights on. I poured some coffee. In the distance I could hear robust German drinking

songs coming from a dance hall on the carnival midway beyond the pits. It was almost time for my next turn at the wheel. You could be back home in California, I told myself, lying on the lawn, listening to the Pacific Ocean.

The dark paddock was crowded with the shadowy forms of the transporters. Here and there an oil-streaked car, out of the race, sat lifeless under a tarpaulin. At the concrete steps marking the back entry to the pits, a guard moved out of my way and nodded deferentially. I returned his nod with gravity, caught for a moment by a sense of mission. There was duty still to be done. A race to finish. As I walked up the narrow corridor immediately behind the pits there was a strong smell of racing oil in the air. I was feeling fine.

In the pit the team manager greeted my arrival with indifference, as if I weren't anything other than a mechanism that had come to replace the mechanism currently behind the wheel. I ducked under the refueling hoses that hung from the low ceiling and pulled out my equipment bag. A minute later I was ready, aware of my breathing inside my helmet. Across the track from the pits the grandstand was nearly empty, and in the quiet between the passing of the race cars tiny music played over the public-address system, sounding lonely and vacant. There are very few witnesses to a driver's night stint at Le Mans.

The car came in, suddenly displacing the dark in front of the pits with lights and a cloud of steam. My co-driver emerged, shouting something to me that I couldn't hear, and then I was down in the cockpit struggling with the harnesses. I saw the signal to start the car and in a moment I was moving up the pit line. Then the lights of the grandstand were gone and there was only the pool of my own lights ahead of me on the track.

The first lap was awkward and disjointed as the new tires, cold and slippery to begin with, began to heat up with the friction of the track. Then they were hot and sticky, and the car was gripping surely and predictably. I drove in a groove that I had developed during my earlier shifts behind the wheel, guiding the car with an economy of physical movement.

The tense effort of the daylight hours soon gave way to reflexive motions and smutty thoughts. The miles spun off in

an endless journey. The lighted Ferns wheel beside the track seemed to turn as if it were geared mysteriously to the cars revolving on the track. And after six or seven laps, I felt the reestablishment of a strange sense of being in a giant orbit around a central point.

On my trips down the 4½-mile-long Mulsanne straight I could feel the power releasing itself through the car as it picked up speed second by second. By a quarter of the way along, the car was established in a snug envelope of air that tugged at its sides, making it dart from side to side like an express train on a rough roadbed. The café went by on the left, a sustained flash of warm light seen out of the corner of my eye.

When there were other cars on the straight I would duck into the vacuum behind them for a few seconds before passing. In those moments the view up the straight would be cut off. Full speed, and all I could see was six feet, into the back of the car ahead. The Porsches had turbochargers: their exhausts glowed red with heat, and from under their wheels the passing lines painted on the road came spitting out like tracer bullets.

At other tracks you are still accelerating when it comes time to brake at the end of the straight, but the Mulsanne is so long the car comes to a stage where its power simply cannot push any more air out of its way, and the speed levels off. Terminal velocity. Alone on the straight, that was 185 mph in my BMW, but it became higher, more than 190, when I could tuck into another car's slipstream. The speed produces neither giddiness nor fear, but a sense of a transfer of power, the car's power into my hands and arms.

The instruments glowed green in the dark. The guardrail reflectors streamed by like twin strings of bright pearls. The engine droned, straining against the night air. I shifted a little in the seat, aware of my sweat-soaked suit. I felt warm, mellow. Consciousness was a dark hollow of convexity, and the car was alive.

Three reflecting signs mark the approach of the Mulsanne kink, where the road dives to the right. It isn't as much a turn as a swerve; it can be taken flat out, but only with perfect timing. Just after the signs the road rises under the car as if the macadam has drawn a deep breath. This points the nose of the car up, and at that moment

continued



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3. One First Prize: the 1977 Chevy G20 Street Van of your choice and \$5,000 dollars, will be awarded. One Second Prize: the 1977 Chevy G20 series Van of your choice. Five Third Prizes: Harley Davidson 55, 175cc, Motorcycle. 50 Fourth Prizes: AMF 10-speed bicycles. 1,000 Fifth Prizes: Gaffney Polk Car Cleaning kits will be awarded. No substitutions for these prizes.

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you must initiate the turn while your lights are elevated into the trees beyond. You turn into the darkness, every lap requiring the faith that you will do it at the right instant, and that there will be no oil on the track.

The signs came up, then were gone behind me in the dark. I felt the road lift under the car and saw the lights point into the trees. A camber change in the road started the steering wheel to the right. For one beat, my hands resisted the turning, then followed it through with a wrist movement of great gentleness, almost a caress. At such speed the car reacted as if it had glanced off an invisible wall. With no sense of duration, and with no awareness of having been in the turn. I was rushing down the ensuing straight on a new heading.

Isolated two-thirds along a straight that takes hardly any skill to drive, the Mulsanne kink is one of the most difficult turns in racing, its difficulty increasing greatly at night. Even drivers of comparatively slow cars have been killed instantly by crashes at the kink—this year a French driver died there in a car with a top speed of little over 150 mph. I have always driven cars much faster than that, and to see the trees go by at 185 mph or more, just a few feet away, erases from your mind even the most subconscious trickle of any idea that you might survive if something went wrong.

In most parts of a racetrack, even Le Mans, you picture a crash and you imagine you might have a chance to survive it. You might have to pry yourself out of the car or try to hold your breath in a fire, but some sort of chance would exist. Having no chance at all is unusual, and I have always wondered if there wouldn't be a certain majesty to that millisecond when you knew it was coming, and knew it with such certitude that you didn't even brace yourself for the struggle, or wince at the impending pain. I don't know. But I have noticed, leaving the kink behind, a perceptible tingling, the reawakening of my nerve endings.

After almost a minute at full speed, braking for the hairpin at the end of the Mulsanne comes like a period of reentry into a real world. All during the time the car lost speed, I sat there, oddly weightless, foot hard on the brake pedal, my eyes watching as the edges of the road came back into focus. The smell was of the brake pads, acrid and burning. My

continued

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foot, which has some broken bones in it from a crash of another time, ached from the effort. Then, as if the energy had been torn out of it by the braking, the car rounded the hairpin and weakly began to gather speed toward Artago.

So it went, the night and the fatigue combining so that the usual frames of reference gradually slipped away or became meaningless, leaving me with bright pinpoint vision in an existence that occupied only the single dimension of speed. Until with no warning a lap came where I swung the car onto the Mulanne and knew something wasn't the same.

Slowly I turned my head to the left, peering through the window. There on the horizon, a long crayoned line of deep red signaled the dawn.

Within two laps I could see faint particles of light through the trees. Soon after that I could see the other drivers in their cars, shadows in rival cockpits, concentrated forces that, as I had, had made it through the night. Of course each was a threat now to my success in the race, but there was still that moment of kinship, the cheery wave as I went by.

In the pits when my stint was over there were smiles all around. Wane some breakfast? How's it going? I thought of walking up to the trailer again, but sleep could wait. It was good to talk to the reporters, who looked fresh after sleeping at their hotels. The stands were filling with people again.

Ten hours still stretched ahead before the finish. Repeatedly we fought our way into top positions only to be delayed by nagging mechanical problems. My laps around the nearly empty, trash-strewn track had a dreamlike quality, shaded always by the fear that even at the last moment something might go wrong and our whole effort would be for nothing. To survive the night and then not lose the race would be a bewildering injustice. The car just had to finish.

And in the last laps, when the crowd was emptying over the guardrails onto the track, exuberant, waving, and the marshals were waving their flags like semaphores, and the car felt strong under me, I knew we had it made. We had finished. In 24 hours we had gone 2,565 miles, 306 times around the same eight miles. And we had come in 10th. Suddenly I realized I couldn't remember what the night had been like, couldn't remember at all.

END



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JIM DANDY GYM



Even unathletic kids enjoy phys ed at California's San Rafael High. It has the country's most celebrated program, with 45 courses ranging from yoga to yachting, from rock-climbing to kayaking



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICKEY FLEGER

CONTINUED



BY JIM KAPLAN

San Rafael High School looks like the sort of place where old-fashioned physical education classes would be a staple. The building has a broad facade with high pillars and a long flight of steps leading to its entrance. The gym is gloomy, with wooden basketball backboards. But what is this? There is a coed volleyball game in progress. Outside, another group of boys and girls is sealing the gym wall in a rock-climbing class. And half a mile away other students are sailing in a canal.

This is a typical day of P.E. in San Rafael, a bedroom community of 44,000 situated 14 miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge. It has the country's most celebrated high school physical education program, one that offers 45 electives ranging from football to Friabee, from team handball to tumbling, from tai chi chuan to boxing to yoga to self-defense. All classes are open to both sexes, and there is only the vaguest of dress codes. Even traditional educators are fascinated by all this, mainly because San Rafael High is accomplishing what every school would like to: not only is it offering the athletically gifted child a wide choice of activities, it is turning would-be spectators into athletes.

This does not happen everywhere. Twenty years of Presidents' fitness councils and the growth of women's sports and jogging for life notwithstanding, the U.S. is still mostly a nation of fans. According to every respected survey on the subject, the majority of adult Americans do no regular exercise except walking. Meanwhile, deaths from cardiovascular diseases, which doctors have linked to sedentary life-styles, continue to mount.

Tomorrow's heart patients are not graduating from San Rafael High. "There's a carry-over effect," says John Donovan, assistant principal in charge of

curriculum. "People who took scuba diving here are taking advanced courses elsewhere. Bikers and backpackers organize their own trips, and sailors continue sailing in college."

There are a number of reasons why San Rafael's P.E. program is so successful. Many students point to the relaxed dress code. Do clothes really matter as long as good courses are offered? "Yes," chorus four girls at sailing class. "My sister in junior high school hates P.E.," says junior Joanne Ashcroft. "Every day she comes home and throws her gym clothes

come up with any excuse for not exercising, but it usually concerned dress," says Gym Instructor Bill Monti. "They didn't like to dress out because they were ashamed of their bodies. Legally, you can't impose a dress code unless you provide the uniforms, but I bet 90% of the schools in California have one anyway. It shouldn't be based on something so artificial, especially now, when kids see dress as a way of expressing themselves."

The San Rafael dress code was liberalized in 1970, three years before the school combined its men's and women's



on the bed." Students speak of gym uniforms as "monkey suits" and "prison garb," and describe the process of donning them—or "dressing out"—as torture. At San Rafael, shorts, sneakers and shirts are expected in most classes, but anything close will do.

"I found long ago that kids would

P.E. departments under a gym specialist named Marcin Arevalo. Previously, the departments had peered at each other across a sex gap as formidable as a gate-filled moat. When they fused and classes went coed, tensions eased.

To get the students as relaxed as the teachers, Monti and Arevalo prepared a

continued

questionnaire listing 99 possible P.E. courses, including boogie, yoga, fly-casting and even spectator sports. The boys voted heavily for activities like scuba diving: the girls leaned toward horseback riding, archery and tennis. The five-woman, six-man P.E. department has been adding electives ever since.

"People ask me how we can teach 45 sports with a budget of \$6,000," Arevalo says. "We try to be creative. At first, we begged, borrowed and stole. Outsiders offered help, and teachers went to clinics. Some groups gave us equipment such as boats. Fencing and scuba equipment, which is expensive, we split with our sister school, Terra Linda, which has about the same number of electives under a more traditional format."

Most students are required to take one 55-minute P.E. course a day. In the ninth grade there is a core program in which pupils learn basic team games, develop coordination and agility through individual sports, and find out about their bodily capabilities through tests. Electives start in the 10th grade. There are semester-long courses in gymnastics, rock-climbing, sailing and modern dance, and six-week programs in other areas. Grading is 60% on attendance and participation. There are few failures.

The most dramatic successes often have been pupils who had been considered unathletic. "I'm probably the least competitive member of my family, but I take volleyball twice a day," says one coed. "It takes my mind off everything." A classmate, breathing easily after a rock-climbing drill in which he clambered up a 15-foot wall using just knobs, ledges, rocks and sidewalls—but no ropes—said, "I only do competitive sports for fun. I hunt and fish most of the time, and rock-climbing seems to go along."

While most electives strain the muscles, others, such as Frisbee, strain credulity. "Frisbee can be taught," says Arevalo. "We make it interesting by creating golf courses. There are skills involved, and, of course, it's a lifetime sport. We're interested in the whole person."

By every significant criterion—skills, teamwork, self-control, sex roles—rock-climbing is probably the most interesting course. "We originally drew people who didn't want to be involved with team sports," says Monti, a San Rafael graduate who started the course upon his return as a teacher in 1963. "In fact, it's more of a team sport than any other be-

cause it can involve life and death. It teaches stress and responsibility."

Monti has since branched out into sailing, and rock-climbing now is taught by Bill Ranney, who squeezes in his classes when he is not coaching the swim team, climbing mountains, taking pictures and training for walking races. "We have almost as many girls as boys now," he said. "At first there were just boys. I tried to recruit girls with a poster showing you can do it and still be cute. It's important to have girls, because they're more flexible."

As Ranney spoke, a coed was casually dangling from a rope halfway up the 30-foot gym wall. She was a member of Ranney's advanced class, which on that day had been told to work on direct-aid climbing, rappelling and traversing. The students not only understood the terms but also knew how to perform the maneuvers, because they had studied about them for 4½ months before attempting them. Now they climb local slopes and gym walls, and on rainy days use a simulated slope in the wrestling room.

"I go to a camp where they do a little rock-climbing, but nothing like this," said the girl. "We do mountaineering, rescue work and first aid. It's really safe, if you go by the rules. You need strength, agility and flexibility."

"I've taken two semesters of sailing and two of rock-climbing, and I may get into scuba diving. I also take volleyball, softball and badminton. These courses may not help my studies, but they're too good to pass up. San Rafael is the best thing that ever happened to P.E."

And the 23 varsity teams are not suffering because of it. "One program doesn't rule out another," says Basketball Coach Mike Diaz. "We had 353 of our 2,009 students out for extramural sports in 1972; that has increased to about 500 now." According to Football Coach Bob Muster, the fact that he has lost only half a dozen players to injuries during the last three years is the result of his players' P.E. sessions in weights and aerobic running during the off-season.

The major change in extramurals—coed teams—is less related to P.E. than to Title IX. Yet it somehow seems appropriate that, in addition to several girls on the boys' swim and tennis teams, there has been a female wrestler at San Rafael. A junior varsity regular at 127 pounds last year, Dana McCoy lost the six matches she wrestled (three others were forfeited to her), but surprised al-

most everyone by surviving every first period—and three entire matches—without being pinned. She also made points by being, in Arevalo's words, "tall, slender and very attractive—not the way you might picture a female wrestler."

It would be heady indeed to leave San Rafael on the quitesentially reformed idea of coed wrestling, but that would ignore some problems. Teachers who have undergone traditional training elsewhere have complaints about the free-form decision-making at the school. The scuba program once was suspended when the equipment was stolen. And most distressing to the physical education department, despite the excellence of its program, even San Rafael has not been able to eliminate all the old objections to mandatory gym classes. The school board last year used a local-option clause in a new state law to make P.E. optional for juniors and seniors.

The law was designed to force schools to improve unsatisfactory P.E. programs, to make their gym classes attractive enough so that students will attend voluntarily. Critics of the law fear that physical education programs may be dropped as economy measures instead. Whether good programs will also suffer is problematical. Forty-two percent of the seniors at San Rafael quit P.E. when the course was made optional for them on an experimental basis. However, Arevalo points out, "A lot of students told me they liked P.E., but they wanted half days in school. Although we could have lost potentially 500 or 600 students when the new law came to pass, we only lost 100."

Defenders of the law point to an Oregon study demonstrating that good P.E. programs will maintain their enrollments after an initial drop-off. This only begs the question of whether P.E. should be optional in the first place. Should English and math be optional when they are poorly taught?

Some San Rafael school board members argued that P.E. is not a lifetime requirement and that kids 16 to 18 stay in shape on their own. Rebutting for the minority, board member Gale Fisher said, "This is the last chance to get children involved for life in physical education. The physicians on the President's council agreed unanimously that kids should take P.E. all the way through school. It's wonderful to educate a marvelous brain, but if that brain is in a dead body at age 40, it isn't doing much good."



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THEY KNOW WHAT THE SCORE IS



ON SUNDAYS, MUSBURGER DOES AS MANY AS 20 PROGRAMS

Lindsey Nelson, the primary broadcaster for the Mets' baseball games during the spring and summer and one of the busiest football announcers in the fall, was asked recently to describe his behavior on those rare occasions when he goes to watch his colleagues at work. "I'm just like everybody else," Nelson said. "I sit quietly for a while, then I start talking back to the set: 'Come on, Curt, give the score. Hey, Kent, what's happening in the Michigan game?' Something must be going on with Alabama. What is it?"

Getting up-to-the-minute scores can be a very frustrating exercise for college football fans. Because of time limitations—the station manager's oldest excuse—some radio stations now give results only of games involving top 10 teams, and local TV news broadcasts too often are guilty of the same approach. To make matters worse, West Coast night games seldom make the early deadlines of Sunday newspapers. Unless one happens to live west of the Great Divide, it often takes until Monday to find out who won Saturday's San Jose State-San Diego State game.

But in the last two years, pro football fans have been irritated better than ever because of two highly competitive programs, *NFL Today* on CBS and NBC's *Grandstand*. Both shows give all the latest pro scores (along with taped highlights of many of the games) in a relaxed manner that belies the considerable

complexity involved in getting them on the air. Each program employs about 100 people, including anchorpersons, frantically working control-room teams and platoons of tape technicians. Although a viewer in a particular locale might see only four or five brief segments of *NFL Today* or *Grandstand* during a Sunday of football watching, as many as 20 versions of each show must be done in order to accommodate the varying starting times of games in different parts of the country.

Typically, as soon as Brent Musburger, Phyllis George and Ivy Cross, who anchor *NFL Today*, or *Grandstand*'s Lee Leonard and Bryant Gumbel finish a segment for one area of the country, they are told to "stand by for five seconds," then do it all over again—or another version—for viewers elsewhere. "Two weeks ago we did shows for 50 consecutive minutes," says Bill Fitts, producer of *Grandstand*. "And once we had a sudden-death game between Denver and Pittsburgh that kept our staff, which had gotten to the studio at about 10 a.m., going until 7:45 p.m. Sometimes the film clip of a spectacular first-half play must be junked on the wrap-up show so we can show the deciding play. You also have to keep up with which parts of the country have seen what."

Fitts was producing *NFL Today* for CBS when Musburger was brought in one Sunday in 1974 to do the show. "I don't think Brent really had any idea of what he was up against," says Fitts. "At one point he was seated at his desk, looking at all the games on various monitors in front of him, and said, 'It's like being in a candy store.'"

Like Leonard, who came to NBC from New York's WNEW-TV, and Gumbel, who spends the rest of the week as the 6 p.m. sports reporter on KNBC-TV in Los Angeles, Musburger, 36, has been a regular on network tele-

vision for a relatively short time—only three years. But he has already covered track and field in the U.S.S.R., the Olympics, the Chicago Bears and the NBA and, together with Jack Whitaker and Pat Summerall, now gives CBS a "front three" in sports announcing that is hard to beat. In addition, Musburger does a nightly radio program for CBS.

He is a rare case of a sportscenter turned sportscaster. Musburger left the now-defunct Chicago's *American* in 1968, when the general manager of station WBBM in Chicago asked him to try doing radio sports reports. "People at the paper told me I was crazy," Musburger says. "Had I been on the Chicago Tribune, I might not have made the switch. But the American was failing, and television was coming on strong. I felt that rather than just sit in a press box and gripe about TV and radio, I would give it a try." Following a period during which he broadcast seven shows a day on radio, Musburger moved to WBBM-TV to do the 6 and 10 p.m. spots.

"On television you speak in a kind of shorthand," he says. "On radio you have to be more careful, because you have no pictures to put captions on. But still, there is nothing as rewarding as writing a good story for print. Eventually I plan to sit down and do that kind of writing again."

"The first time I did *NFL Today*, we did 14 shows," he says. "I couldn't believe it. You had to keep up with all the games, scores and highlights. There have been times when I've sat at the desk on that show for four hours without ever getting time to stand up."

Like Nelson, Musburger used to talk back to TV. "I thought it was bad. The announcers would babble and let their faces hang out. They wouldn't attend events or talk to people. More than anyone else who walked off the street into this business, Howard Cosell is a journalist. He knows people and gets on the phone to find out things. I try to do that all the time. I don't believe just because you have a network affiliation that you can just show up at an event and get the story."

As long as Musburger retains that attitude and is able to avoid the old broadcaster's problem of overexposure, he will be an asset at CBS. Certainly on *NFL Today*, he has proved that he knows what the score is.

END

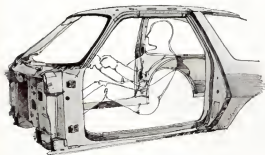
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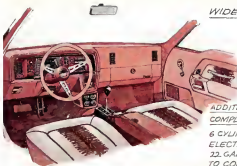
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THE GATORS WON THE FIRST HALF 27-13, BUT THEN THE BULLDOGS HAD A PICNIC, SCORING FOUR TIMES TO WIN

On the day of the game, the *Florida Times-Union*, a Jacksonville newspaper, devoted most of the front page of its sports section to an astrologist's analysis of the two rival coaches, Vince Dooley of Georgia and Florida's Doug Dickey. The astrologist concluded, more or less, that the signs favored Dickey, a Cancer. Something to do with having Virgo on his cusp. Pisces Dooley was pictured as being in a tight spot. Because of the Virgo influence and his moon in Libra, and other key factors, Dooley's only hope seemed to be to "create a great deal of anger." The trouble with that was that "when Dooley becomes excited, the physical manifestations... in the lower portion of his spine and stomach" (i.e., butterflies) make him "a prime candidate for an ulcer."

Well, in the first place, you would have to think that a guy who has been in the thick of Georgia-Florida warfare for a long time would be on his way to something more spectacular than the drug-store for a pack of Rolats. The game is always do-or-die for one team or the other (usually for Florida, which traditionally has more hangups). It is always down here near the end of the season, where one little foul-up can cause the Southeastern Conference championship to be lost, bowls to fade away and bad feelings. And it is always down here in Jacksonville, which is mad for the game if not made for it since, as a "neutral site," it hardly qualifies as a typical Georgia town. Of course, the money's good.

And always there are close to 70,000 squalling, bawling fans whose passions



LEADING THE GEORGIA RESURGENCE, RAY GOFF SCORES THE GO-HEAD TOUCHDOWN

and thirsts reach such peaks that the game is commonly known as "the world's largest outdoor cocktail party." This year police put up signs prohibiting alcoholic beverages in the Gator Bowl, and offered to give claim checks for the bottles they lifted from bulging jackets. But this exercise in futility had been tried before. Meanwhile, the game itself is always won in the fourth quarter (11 of the previous 13 were, the last four by a total of eight points) on a play drawn and sent in on a napkin.

Into the eye of this storm every year for the last 13 has come Dooley. Creating some anger, all right, but generally keeping his massive cool. Doug Dickey complains that Dooley poor-mouths his Georgia team; Dooley says he just reads the papers, which tell all about Florida's incredible talent. He says he believes what he reads. This year he had read and seen films of "the most explosive Florida team I ever saw—maybe the most explosive the SEC ever had."

The morning of the game, Dooley is told he looks a little peaked. He admits that he has not slept well. He had a dream. He dreamed his publicity man came to him on the sidelines during the game "to tell me I had to go to the press

conference at halftime. I said, 'What? A press conference at halftime?' He said, 'Yeah, it's the latest thing.' I said, 'I ain't going.' He said, 'You've got to.' So I went, and on my way there Florida scored two quick touchdowns. One of the press guys said, 'What happened on those two touchdowns?' I said, 'How should I know? I had to come to this damn press conference.'"

Eerily, the dream came true, as much as dreams ever do. Leading 14-13 in the second quarter, Florida dealt Dooley's Bulldogs a massive double blow: The Gators drove 80 yards in 2½ minutes to score. Then, just as Georgia was marching toward what might have been the tying touchdown, Florida's Terry LeCount intercepted a pass at his two-yard line and took it all the way back to the Georgia 43. Working with only 21 seconds left in the half, the Gators swept in for another touchdown on two passes by their marvelous wishbone quarterback, Jimmy Fisher, the second a nine-yarder to Wes Chandler, of whom Dooley has a clip somewhere that says "not even God" could cover him one-on-one. Zip-zip, 27-13.

One could see Dickey's excitement. In his seven years as coach of the team he

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

quarterback in the '50s, Dickey has been hard at work dispelling various "truths" about the usually talent-rich Gators; that they do not win this or that road game, or this or that Big One. They were now within 30 playing minutes of ending their greatest frustration: 42 years without an SEC championship. Unbeaten in four league games, a game ahead of Georgia and at least two ahead of everybody else, the Gators could clinch the title and a Sugar Bowl trip by doing no more than hold on for a tie.

It will be argued—it was argued at the time and will probably be argued as long as Doug Dickey's name is remembered—that it all slipped away on a bonehead decision he made midway through the third quarter. It is more likely, however, that the Gators lost the game before that.

On its second possession of the third quarter, Georgia drove 81 yards in seven plays to make the score 27-20. The Bulldogs had been able to move the ball in the first half, but now they were doing it with striking ease. When the Florida middle guard—a tackle until this year and thus still new to lateral movement—stood up to become the middle linebacker in a 4-3, Georgia Quarterback Ray Goff ran dives to either side, getting maximum use of his fine tailback, Kevin McLee. When the guard went down into the five-man line, Goff attacked the exposed Florida ends with option plays and got his best yardage there. Goff passed for the touchdown, a six-yarder. He would finish the day having a hand in five of the six Georgia scores—passing for two and running for three.

To that point, Florida, which had been so explosive before intermission, had done nothing in two chances in the second half. Now, once more, the Gators slogged to a fourth down, this time at their 29. With less than a yard to go, and desperate to regain the momentum he knew he had to have, Dickey made his fateful decision. He went for it. Fisher, pressured by Roverback Bill Krugs, had to make his option pitch to the trailing back, Earl Carr, a bit too soon. And suddenly Carr, still in his own backfield, was confronted with Cornerback Johnny Henderson.

Carr, a terror in the first half, put a stiff arm into Henderson's face, but Henderson, with his head snapped back, held firm and spun Carr down by an arm a yard short of the first down.

Henderson said later he thought the

play was "stupid," but Dooley, who knows about second-guessing, wondered if maybe Florida fans wouldn't have called Dickey a genius if only the gamble had paid off.

In any case, Georgia slammed in from there in six rushes to tie the game, held again and drove 70 yards to the go-ahead touchdown, held again and drove 80 yards for the clincher. The final score was 41-27. The last Bulldog march consumed seven minutes and 18 seconds of the fourth quarter. All three drives were on the ground—not one pass was thrown. From a 27-13 deficit, the Bulldogs had mounted an astonishing 28-point second-half blitz.

Even more surprising, however, was how totally they shut down the "big play" Florida backfield. "It took us a half just to get attuned to Florida's speed—I think they're faster in person than on film," Dooley said. But once in step, the Junkyard Dogs swarmed, yapping and snarling. Krugs was everywhere. Whenever Fisher tried to get outside to throw, the vastly improved Bulldog ends and linebackers boxed him in, and when he did throw, Georgia consistently guessed right on coverage—the marvelous Chandler was almost always doubled, intercepted once in seven previous games. Fisher was picked off twice in the second half. Florida made only three first downs.

Nonetheless, Florida can still tie for the SEC championship by beating Kentucky this week—and can win it outright if Georgia should stumble at Auburn. There would seem to be some question, however, as to how much the Gators were demoralized by the crushing turn of events. The likelihood is that Florida and Georgia will share the title, and that Georgia will get the Sugar Bowl bid.

Dickey said later he was "out-coached," that the Gators were "not outplayed"—though it was undoubtedly a little of both. It isn't Dickey who faces a crisis, however, it's his team. He has a plaque on the wall of his office in Gainesville: "There are three groups of people, those who make things happen, those who watch things happen and those who wonder what happened." His team went from the former to the latter in 30 minutes, and as any Cancer child would agree, that is cause for meditation.

As for Vince Dooley, the astrologist suggested he see his doctor about those butterflies ("physical manifestations"). He suggested a meat-free diet.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH It was a big week for the South: its favorite son won an election, and three of its teams registered impressive wins over northern visitors. Georgia Tech came from behind to shock Notre Dame, Miami rallied to topple Boston College and Maryland was a convincing victor over Cincinnati.

Notre Dame built a 14-3 lead on a pair of short touchdown runs by Tailback Al Hunter, but Tech, which had won just three of eight games, did not fold. Coach Pepper Rodgers' decision to return to the wishbone he had junked earlier in the year accomplished little until midway through the second period. Then the Yellow Jackets got their act together. They did not throw a single pass all day. They didn't have to. Their backs rushed for 368 yards against an Irish defense that had allowed an average of only 98 yards per game on the ground in a 23-14 triumph. Halfback David Sims rushed 15 times for 122 yards and a couple of touchdowns as Tech regrouped. Doing a job, too, was the Yellow Jacket defense, which limited the Irish to 144 yards in the first half and only 34 in the second half.

Tim Moorman's two field goals gave Boston College a 6-0 halftime advantage. From then on, however, Miami took charge. Quarterback E. J. Baker passed five yards for one touchdown, ran 17 yards for another and the Hurricanes emerged 13-6 winners.

Cincinnati, which had lost just once, was overpowered by Maryland 21-0. The Terp defenders limited the Bengals to 10 first downs, four of them during the first three periods. Quarterback Mark Manges ran for 72 yards and passed for 151 and two touchdowns.

In Atlantic Coast Conference battles, North Carolina got three touchdowns from Tailback Mike Voight to trim Clemson 27-23, and Wake Forest stopped Duke 38-17.

Although the matchup did not attract national attention, the Tennessee-Memphis State showdown was significant to both teams. For Memphis it was a chance to attain some sort of parity with its cross-state rival, to gain prestige and to help recruiting. Volunteer Coach Bill Battle also had more than a casual interest in the game: his job was on the line. An over-capacity crowd of 52,341 showed up for the game at Memphis' Liberty Bowl Memorial Stadium. At halftime the Tigers were in front 14-7 and Tailback Terrell Middleton had hugged the ball 99 yards. That was it for State, though. In the second half Middleton lost three yards. Vol Wingback Stanley Morgan, who wound up

with 98 yards, scored his second touchdown of the game, and Quarterback Joe Hough went over from six yards out for the winning TD in the fourth period. That gave Tennessee a 21-14 win and gave Battle a reprieve.

"There's the big 'if' again," said LSU Quarterback Pat Lyons after a 28-17 Southeastern Conference loss to Alabama. "Losers sit around saying 'if' while the winners laugh and tell jokes about the losers." The "if" in question concerned a motion penalty against the Tigers that snuffed out a third-period drive that had taken them to the Tide 10-yard line while trailing 21-10. Fullback Johnny Davis barged for 130 yards and touchdown runs of 13 and 58 yards for Alabama.

Quarterback Derrick Ramsey rushed for 118 yards and a touchdown as Kentucky beat Vanderbilt 14-0 in another SEC contest. Mississippi State downed Auburn 28-19.

Late rallies carried several teams to victories. West Virginia was behind 28-17 going into the fourth quarter at Tulane, but won 32-28 on short scoring bursts by Paul Lumley and, with 34 seconds remaining, by Dan Kendra. Virginia Tech led 31-21 over Tulsa, which scored two touchdowns in the final period to win 35-31. Scoring three TDs in the last quarter was Florida State, Tailback Rudy Thomas tallying them on runs of 10 and four yards and on a 95-yard pass from Quarterback Jimmy Black. That was enough—barely—to overcome a 27-10 deficit and defeat Southern Mississippi 30-27. William and Mary Quarterback Tom Rozantz and Tight End Ken Cloud teamed up on their second scoring pass of the day with 4:04 left to edge Appalachian State 23-22.

Elon, an NAIA Division I school, won its ninth straight game by topping South Atlantic Conference opponent Newberry 19-13.

1. MARYLAND (9-0)

2. GEORGIA (8-1) 3. FLORIDA (6-2)

MIDWEST

After beating Oklahoma State 14-10, Nebraska, which two weeks before had been in a five-way tie for the Big Eight lead, had first place all to itself. Cowboy Running Back Terry Miller carried the ball 30 times for 145 yards, once during through a hole in the Huskers' stacked defense late in the third period for a 15-yard TD run and a 10-7 lead. Nebraska's Vince Ferragamo, who completed 17 of 25 passes for 235 yards, had hit Split End Chuck Malito with a 34-yard scoring pass for the Big Red's first touchdown. The two later collaborated on a 26-yard dazzler, Malito snagging the ball away from six defenders to set up Nebraska's other touchdown, a six-yard toss to Tight End Ken Specht early in the fourth period. Still, the Huskers might not have won had it not been for Linebacker Cleve Plien, who made 14 unassisted tackles and helped out on 16 others.

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Colorado's turnovers in the first half and Missouri's stern defense in the second half led to a 16-7 Tiger victory. Pete Woods came off the bench late in the third period with the score 7-7 and quarterbacked Missouri 73 yards in 10 plays to the winning score.

Sophomore Thomas Lott scampered for three touchdowns and 195 yards—the most ever by an Oklahoma quarterback—and Halfback Horace Ivory scored on three short sprints in a 49-20 romp over Kansas State. That nullified the efforts of Wendell Hennikson, a walk-on who began the season as fifth-string signal caller. Hennikson hit on 18 of 36 passes for 283 yards for State. Iowa State rumbled past Kansas 31-17 in another Big Eight contest.

With Purdue having knocked off Michigan (page 22), Ohio State took over the Big Ten lead by beating Illinois 42-10. Buckeye Fullback Pete Johnson picked up only 56 yards but scored four touchdowns to give him 53 for his career. Only Glenn Davis, Steve Owens, Ed Mennaro and Anthony Davis, the record-holder with 59, have scored more.

Wisconsin trailed Iowa 14-0, then stormed back for a 38-21 win. Michigan State blanked Indiana 23-0. Minnesota trounced winless Northwestern 38-10.

In Mid-American games it was Ohio University 31-26 over Bowling Green, Miami of Ohio 31-0 over Western Michigan and Eastern Michigan 30-27 over Central Michigan. First-place Ball State whipped Indiana State 24-9 in a non-conference tussle.

1. OHIO STATE (7-1-1)
2. NEBRASKA (7-1-1) 3. MICHIGAN (6-1)

WEST Oregon Coach Don Read had every right to feel apprehensive about facing UCLA. The Bruins were so heavily favored that in many areas oddsmakers refused to post a line. Then, just before the opening kickoff, the P.A. announcer flamed UCLA's hopes of being No. 1 in the polls by divulging a score: "Purdue 16, Michigan 14." Said Read, "I had a feeling right then UCLA was going to be ready to play." UCLA did precisely that, winning 46-0. The Bruins used all 54 players, gained 511 yards and held the Ducks to 91 yards, an average of 1.6 a play. With the outcome never in doubt, much of the interest centered around the Bruins' kicking specialist, 6'11", 216-pound Frank Corral. He booted three field goals, one from 55 yards out for a UCLA record.

USC also remained unbeaten in Pac-8 competition, bopping Stanford 48-24. The Trojans intercepted four passes, three by Cornerback Ricky Odum. On offense they didn't even miss ailing Ricky Bell, his substitute, freshman Charles White, ran for 136 yards. And Quarterback Vince Evans and Flanker Shelton Diggs teamed up on three touchdowns passes that covered 100 yards.

The other two conference games were

much closer. Washington State's Throwin Samco, Jack Thompson, came through in the clutch once again, this time rifling a 12-yard pass to Split Receiver Mike Levenseller for the decisive points with 1:13 remaining. That it was that the Cougars, who had trailed Oregon State 10-0, 17-9 and 24-23, came out on top 29-24. California nudged Washington 7-0. Fullback Tom Newton climaxing an 80-yard fourth-quarter drive with a two-yard run. The Huskies' deepest penetration was to the Bears' 30. That march fizzled when Quarterback Warren Moon, apparently trying to stop the clock before the first half ran out, threw the ball out of bounds. Moon's strategy was fine except for one thing, his throwaway came on fourth down.

Futility. That's what Arizona experienced at home against Wyoming in a vital WAC encounter. The Wildcats led 21-19 at halftime but despite getting inside the Cowboys' 20-yard line three times in the second half they could add only one field goal. Arizona led in yards gained, 478 to 349. But with Halfback Lateral Jones scoring twice and with Fullback Robbie Wright adding 144 yards and another pair of touchdowns, the Cowboys pulled out a 26-24 win.

Bragham Young stayed within half a game of first-place Wyoming. Gifford Nielsen throwing four touchdown passes in a 40-27 victory over Texas-El Paso.

A 19-point splurge in the final period lifted Air Force past Arizona State 31-30. The game boiled down to a passing duel between freshman Dave Ziebart of the Falcons (16 of 33 for 231 yards) and Dennis Sprout of the Sun Devils (17 of 31 for 244 yards). Both passed for two touchdowns, Ziebart getting the game-clincher on a 22-yarder to Split End Paul Williams in the last 10 seconds.

San Diego State improved its record to 7-1 by knocking off San Jose State 30-17. Autek Tailback Binky Benson, a 5' 5½" 180-pounder, gained 152 yards in 29 carries.

1. UCLA (8-0-1)
2. USC (7-1) 3. WYOMING (7-2)

EAST Pittsburgh's Tony Dorsett continued to star in his one-man show. *Take the Record Book and Run*. During a 37-7 romp over Army he rushed for 212 yards and three touchdowns in 33 carries. In the process, he set two more records. Dorsett broke Archie Griffin's mark for career all-purpose rushing (yards gained on runs, pass receptions and kick returns) as he raised his total to 6,192. And by bringing his season's rushing yardage to 1,525, he became the first to gain 1,500 yards in three different seasons. Boktering the offense were Carson Long, who kicked three field goals, and Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, who showed he had recuperated from a fractured fibula by completing eight of 12 passes and running for 76 yards.

Also displaying offensive might was Penn State, which won its fifth straight by downing North Carolina State 41-20. The Nittany Lions amassed 530 yards on offense, alternating Tailbacks Steve Genie and Mike Guman leading the way. Genie broke loose for 145 yards, including a 64-yard scoring run. Guman, who scored from 46 yards out, wound up with 102 yards. The defense showed its stuff, too, recovering four Wolfpack fumbles and stealing two passes.

Rutgers fumbled the ball away four times but still had no difficulty in handling Louisville 34-0. "On film, Rutgers didn't look that good," said Cardinal Coach Vince Gibson. "On the field, they're something else." Especially on defense: the Scarlet Knights gave up just three first downs and 62 yards.

Brown went to the air and Yale stayed on the ground, and both wound up winners. Paul Michalko found his receivers on 19 of 29 passes for 314 yards and four touchdowns as the Bruins beat Dartmouth for the first time since 1955, 35-21. Latching on to a dozen of those passes was Split End Bob Farnham, who scored on 48- and 29-yard plays and raised his three-year career total to 112 receptions. The Elis gained 388 of their 465 yards on the ground as they whipped Princeton 39-7 to remain tied with the Bruins for the Ivy League lead. Halfback John Pagliaro, who ran for 95 yards, scored three times and set a Yale season record by bringing his touchdown total to 15. Columbia stopped Cornell 35-17, Quarterback Kevin Burns passing for two touchdowns and running for another. Penn had nine turnovers in a 20-8 loss to Harvard.

When Navy played in the 1955 Sugar Bowl its quarterback was George Welsh and one of its halfbacks was Joe Gattuso. Now the coach of the Middies, Welsh got plenty of help from Joe's son during a 27-10 triumph at Syracuse. Young Joe Gattuso, a tailback, ran for 159 yards and two touchdowns against the Orangemen. Middle Quarterback Bob Leszczynski hit on 18 of 25 passes, 12 of them in a row.

Colgate remained unbeaten, zapping Bucknell 24-13 as Bob Repp passed for a pair of touchdowns. Delaware stomped all over Davidson, 63-0.

1. PITTSBURGH (9-0)
2. RUTGERS (9-0) 3. PENN STATE (6-3)

SOUTHWEST "Our players realized that no bleacher, no wall no grandstand seat was going to come out and make a tackle," said Houston Coach Bill Yeoman after his team made itself at home on Texas' range. The Longhorns, who had won 42 consecutive times at home, were smothered 30-0 in Austin. Their wishbone, which had often enabled them to rip off huge yardage since they installed it in 1968, proved to be more

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wish than bone as Longhorn runners gained a paltry 24 yards, an all-time team low. Cougar Quarterback Denny Davis passed for 103 yards and had a 28-yard scoring run.

Before facing Arkansas at home after an unusual 20-day layoff, Coach Grant Teaff said, "I think it's the greatest thing that ever happened to Baylor football. I'll figure out why later." Teaff felt much the same after the game, a 7-7 tie that dropped Arkansas from a first-place tie with Texas Tech. A year ago the Razorbacks trampled the Bears 41-3, mostly by running wide. Nevertheless, Teaff set his defenses to encourage them to go outside again in the hopes of corraling Ben Cowins, who led the nation with a 7.7-yard rushing average. Explained Teaff, "We had a crippled safety last year who was always about a step behind the play. This year we had a healthy safety." Baylor held Cowins to 51 yards in 13 carries, limited Arkansas to 195 yards in total offense, and Cornerback Ken Griffin blocked a 22-yard field-goal attempt. Arkansas scored in the third period on a 41-yard pass from Ron Calcagni to Split Receiver Bruce Hay. Baylor in the fourth when Quarterback Mark Jackson culminated an 80-yard drive with a one-yard plunge.

Texas Tech took over undisputed posses-

sion of the conference lead with a harrowing 14-10 defeat of TCU. The unbeaten Red Raiders, who had been averaging 32 points a game, labored almost all the way against the winless Horned Frogs, who had been yield-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: The nation's top passer, Tommy Kramer of Rice, raised his season's totals to 200 completions in 369 tries with a 29-for-45 effort good for 386 yards—and two touchdowns in the last 3:52—to top SMU 41-34.

DEFENSE: Sophomore Rock Sapan, who booted the winning 23-yard field goal in Purdue's 16-14 upset of top-ranked Michigan, also did a job as free safety for the Boilermakers, making 11 individual tackles.

ing 43 points a game. Tech Quarterback Rodney Allison connected with Split End Brian Nelson on an 88-yard scoring pass and then ran three yards for another touchdown. That gave Tech a 14-0 first-quarter lead. But TCU came back on a 77-yard pass from substitute Quarterback Steve Bayuk to Wide Receiver Mike Renfro (Ray Renfro's son) and a 22-

yard field goal by Ruben Ray. Bayuk again had TCU on the march in the closing minutes, but Free Safety Eric Felton picked off one of his passes on the Tech nine-yard line to snuff out the threat.

With Tailback Arthur Whittington rambling for 174 yards and three touchdowns, SMU led Rice 34-20 going into the fourth period. Then Quarterback Tommy Kramer ruled his Owls, bringing them to 34-33 with a seven-yard pass to Wide Receiver Doug Cunningham with 3:52 to go. Rice Coach Homer Rice had so much faith in Kramer that he went for the one-point PAT to make the score 34-34. Sure enough, Kramer came through. After Outside Linebacker Mark Bockeloh stole a Mustang pass, Kramer flipped a seven-yarder to Tight End Kenneth Roy with 1:20 left to wrap up the 41-34 comeback victory.

Two NAIA teams remained undefeated. Texas A&I, the defending Division I national champion, took a Lone Star Conference battle from Sam Houston State 41-10 for its 35th straight victory, longest winning streak in the nation. And Texas Lutheran of Division II knocked off Bishop 30-3.

1. TEXAS TECH (7-0)
2. HOUSTON (6-2) 3. ARKANSAS (5-1-1)



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- 1972, THE YEAR OF MARK SPITZ

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GORDON JOHNCOCK SEEMED TO HAVE A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE OF WINNING THE USAC CHAMPIONSHIP. BUT EVEN IN THE HEAT OF PHOENIX THAT WAS ALL HE NEEDED

Tears broke like waves in Gordon Johncock's and Johnny Rutherford's pits after the final USAC championship race of the season Sunday at Phoenix, but those in Johncock's were tears of joy, those in Rutherford's of bitter disappointment. With 38 miles remaining in the 150-mile race, a broken oil line on Rutherford's McLaren had made Johncock the new USAC champion and Rutherford the runner-up for the third consecutive time. Al Unser won the race in his Parnelli-Cosworth and Johncock finished second to earn 240 points, only 19 more than he needed to beat Rutherford, who had looked like a shoo-in.

Although the championship was not decided until this final race, in no way

did it figure to provide the finish it did. Even if Johncock won, Rutherford only needed to finish seventh to take the title. It seemed ironic, because, on paper, the season seemed to be Johncock's: he had finished in the top three in 11 of the 13 races, winning twice. But Rutherford had done better in the three 500-milers, which are worth more points—and pay more money. The points difference between the two was only about 5%; the dollar difference was about 100%, with Rutherford winning \$359,574 to Johncock's \$178,628.

As close as they had been on the track during the season—five times they had finished within one position of each other—their styles are miles apart. Both men fit the racer's mold, but Rutherford stretches it, while Johncock gets lost in it. Rutherford's winter schedule is packed with personal appearances; about the only appearance Johncock plans is before the deer in Wyoming. "I wish I could just park the motor home on the backstretch, and as soon as the race is over, jump in it and take off for the high country," he said during a Friday night card game in his Phoenix home.

Says one man who knows both men well, "They're really nice guys, but Rutherford gets all the publicity because he's outgoing. He'll jump in the middle of a crowd to get to a microphone. Johncock's the opposite: he's so quiet that he actually hides behind people in the crowd to keep from being interviewed. Johncock's like a fighter pilot: when he's strapped in his cockpit, he's all guts to the wall; outside of it, he looks as if he doesn't belong in such a machine."

True, and they are a paradox on the track, where Johncock is recognized as one of USAC's chargers—along with Mario Andretti, A. J. Foyt and Bobby Unser. Rutherford drives hard, makes no mistake, but he is as much a strategist as a charger. Their driving styles were reflected in their plans for the race. Rutherford:

"I'll do what's easiest." Johncock: "I can't afford to lay back." In both cases, these strategies were no different than for any other race.

Before Saturday's qualifying, Johncock took only a handful of practice laps. He figured his times were good enough, and they were: he qualified at 139.589 mph, to put him on the front row next to Bobby Unser. Johncock's Patrick Racing Team was relaxed; crew chief George Bignotti had the Simmist Wildcat sorted out with time to spare.

Laps were not so easy in the McLaren pits. Rutherford spun in practice and was starting sixth in the 22-car field. He had pulled into the pits after his qualifying laps, sat there in the hot sun shaking his helmeted head for a second or two, then mumbled to crew chief Tyler Alexander, "Every time we try to make the steering better, it just makes the car pitch worse."

Despite their qualifying troubles, the McLaren team had been optimistic; but, then, the mood of the weekend was optimistic for everyone. Usually a season ends on a down note; people are tired and want to get the last race over with and go home and rest for a month or two. But the mood at Phoenix was charged up for several reasons. First of all, there was something at stake, because the championship would be decided. Almost as important, Citicorp, becoming more involved in motor racing each year, had poured \$35,000 (\$20,000 of which went to Johncock as champion) into the USAC points fund late in the season and had signed to sponsor the 1977 series for a figure widely, but unofficially, reckoned to be near \$300,000. In a sport of outrageous expense—a single car costs in the neighborhood of \$75,000—the news was enough to elate the racers.

Then, too, the raceway is generally liked. It is a challenge for the drivers, because it is tricky, and a pleasure for the spectators because they can see it all. It is a one-mile oval, unique in that the backstretch includes a flat-out dogleg. Consequently, Turn 3 is a sweeper and seems to belong on an oval twice its length, but Turn 4 tightens up again. A driver uses both feet through the turns: one on the gas and one on the brakes. The idea is to keep the speed of the car down but the rpm—and, more important, the turbocharger boost—up. To shoot out of the turns, the driver eases off the brakes. At Phoenix, the cliché

continued

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"heavy right foot" doesn't really fit; the fastest driver is the one with the lightest left foot.

The fact that the lightest left foot of all, Foyt, was absent—he had crashed the previous week at a race in Texas and was recuperating—doubtlessly helped Johncock. But even Foyt would have been hard-pressed to charge the way Johncock did. He followed Bobby Unser for 15 laps, then passed on the outside of Turn 1 when Unser was slowed in lapping Bill Puterbaugh. It was fighter-pilot driving.

Despite a yellow flag on the 23rd lap, when Lloyd Ruby hit the wall—nearly involving Rutherford in the process—Johncock stayed in front until Al Unser grabbed the lead for good. Rutherford, meanwhile, was beginning a long day of slides and pit stops to change and re-change right-side tires.

On Lap 87 Johncock's right front tire all but blew out. He eased into the pits for a change and lost a lap. But by Mile 105 he had moved back into second, and seven laps later Rutherford slid to a stop in his pit with a smoking, grease-dripping engine. Off came his helmet, slammed so hard on the pavement it bounced three feet in the air; off came the balaclava, thrown just as hard toward the spreading drops of oil under his Offy engine; and out came the tears from the women of the McLaren crew.

In the Patrick pits, out came the crossed fingers. Johncock got the word of Rutherford's retirement over the radio from George Heuning, Bignotti's heir apparent.

Heuning: "Just stay where you are and we've got the championship."

Johncock: "Tennnn-four. But you're going to have to let me know if they're coming up behind me."

From that point it was simply a matter of counting down the laps.

Johncock had one question left before the finish: "How many laps left?"

The answer was "five." It was an easy five as Johncock maintained a six-to-eight-second lead over Andretti.

As he rolled to a stop, Johncock's car was swarmed. His balaclava came off slowly, covering his face for a while; the victory wreath went over his shoulders upside down. But no one seemed to notice. Another thing wasn't noticed: after his first national championship in 21 years of racing, Johncock didn't seem to want to hide.

END



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In the Patrick pits, out came the crossed fingers. Johncock got the word of Rutherford's retirement over the radio from George Heuning, Bignotti's heir apparent.

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Hey, Coach, is that a wig or a wag?

That assistant coach down on the sidelines, the fidgety guy acting as though he is infested with lice, is not calling for a bug bomb. He is calling for the bomb. He is sending plays to his quarterback via hand signals, à la a third-base coach.

Despite what the television commentators want you to believe, wigwagging is not new. Little in the NFL ever is. College coaches have wigwagged offensive plays to their quarterbacks—legally and illegally—since the 1950s, and for years the pros have used simple hand signals to call defensive formations. However, the mythmakers have always contended that pro offenses were too voluminous and too complex for sign language. So a former college coach debunked the myth.

Don Coryell, who coached at San Diego State before taking over at St. Louis in 1973, reduced the Cardinals' offensive playbook to contortions of the hand and arm last season, and St. Louis romped to a division championship. Now the Los Angeles Rams have followed Coryell's lead, and other teams are toying with the concept. The Philadelphia Eagles wig-

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wagged for six games this season but have temporarily returned to the conventional system of having Quarterback Mike Boryla call his own plays. "No matter what happens," says Boryla, who requested the change, "I'm going to get the blame, so I might as well call the shots." Boryla called enough right shots to lead the Eagles to a 10-0 triumph over the winless New York Giants two weeks ago, but he was criticized for being too conservative in his play selection.

Boryla called all but "one or two plays" last Sunday afternoon during Philadelphia's 17-14 loss to the St. Louis Wigwaggers. Ironically, the Eagles scored a touchdown on one of the plays sent to Boryla from the bench. With a third and one at the Cardinals' 48-yard line late in the first quarter—an obvious running situation—Boryla stunned the bunched-in defense by lobbing a touchdown pass to Charlie Smith, who had easily sneaked behind Cornerback Roger Wehrli.

"Third and short yardage is the perfect time for a play like that," Boryla said. "I would have called the same type of play myself."

Boryla worked a balanced game, calling 28 passes and 32 rushes. However, he was betrayed by three fumbles, including one by Dave Hampton at the St. Louis 11-yard line in the final seconds. By one means or another, Philadelphia turned over the football at the St. Louis 31, 20, 38, 19 and 11, and when Boryla overthrew Hampton on one third-down play, the Philadelphia crowd turned on the boos.

"There was a lot of negative reactions in the stands," said Eagle Free Safety Bill Bradley, "but I personally think Boryla directed a fine game today."

While the wigwag may be on hold in Philadelphia, coaches have always found ways to impose their wills on quarterbacks, even in college ball where coaching from the sidelines was illegal until 1967. In fact, a crude precursor of the wigwag probably cost UCLA a victory over Michigan State in the 1956 Rose Bowl. Late in that game, with the score tied 14-14, UCLA had the ball near its own goal line. The Bruin coaches wanted Quarterback Ronnie Knox to pass, not run. Assistant Coach Jim Myers, now an aide with the Dallas Cowboys, got Knox' attention and made a passing motion, but an official saw the gesture and penalized UCLA. Capitalizing on strong field position after the ensuing punt, Michigan State won the game on a 41-yard field goal by Dave Kaiser.

Paul Brown is credited with instituting the best-known method of sending in plays, the messenger guards, but there

continued



MEYER: "FLEX RIGHT COUNTER TIM 436 27"



HARRIS: "UH, WHAT WAS ALL THAT AGAIN?"



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was a time when Brown, too, tried to eliminate the middle man. Brown once experimented with transmitting signals to radio receivers in the helmets of the Cleveland quarterbacks. Unfortunately for Brown and the Browns, the New York Giants tuned in on his frequency and stole the plays. Moreover, the Browns' quarterbacks were hardly enamored of the squawking. "I understand we have a new quarterback coming here," said George Ratterman. "I don't know if he can throw, but I understand he has five years' experience as a wire operator."

A study of the wigwags that Philadelphia flashed to Boryla helps explain why

pro football waited all these years before adopting the system. The Eagles have more than 80 signals and sometimes need a series of 10 of them to call a complicated play, such as "I-right Tim play pass 47 653." If you think that's a mouthful for a shuffling guard, imagine translating 10 separate hand signals and still remembering what the second one was.

Most pro plays break down into six elements: formation, strength, motion, type of play, blocking scheme and pass routes. For example, I-right Tim play pass 47 653 means I-formation, strength right (i.e., tight end lined up on the right side), tight end in motion (abbreviated as Tim) and a fake run leading to a pass. The phrase "play pass" dictates the type of blocking. The 47 tells the backs which run to fake, and the 653 tells the three receivers which routes to run.

To simplify matters for Boryla, the Eagles devised a different "vocabulary" for each of the elements of the play. Understandably, they won't reveal the exact sign language, but arm positions could be used for strength, arm movements for formations, hand signals for blocking schemes, and numbers may be given by tapping the body in various places.

The coach who wigwags does not actually call the plays, assistants up in the press box usually do. The Rams' play-caller is Receiver Coach Leeman Bennett, who earned a game ball for his upstairs quarterbacking in Los Angeles' 31-28 win over Miami early this season. Bennett spreads the game plan, which lists certain plays for every possible situation, in front of him. He also uses Polaroid pictures of each play to determine if the opponent is employing the pass coverages on which the game plan was predicated. Analyzing these aids, he phones plays to the sideline to Offensive Coordinator Ken Meyer, who then wigwags them to the quarterback.

The quarterbacks have ways to indicate that they didn't receive—or didn't understand—the signal. The Rams quarterback, for example, slaps his hand to his helmet, indicating "please repeat."

Unlike baseball strategists, football coaches have rarely attempted to steal the opposition's signals, obviously fearful that an incorrect "steal" would send all 11 defensive players heading in the wrong direction. Opponents have tried to confuse the issue, however. Miami vexed the Rams by substituting one new

player the instant Meyer had finished his wigwagging to Quarterback James Harris. "That's why you have to have an audible program built into your system," says Ram Coach Chuck Knox.

Except for Boryla, the wigwages like the wigwag. "You can get the signals quicker and there's less chance for human error," says St. Louis' Jim Hart. "You'd be amazed how 'strong right' can become 'slot left' in the course of a shuffling guard's run from the sideline to the huddle." "The only reason we call plays is so we can follow the action," says Coryell. "We don't call plays because we think we know more than the quarterbacks. Most quarterbacks are probably smarter than the coaches anyhow. And we don't call them to take pressure off the quarterback. The coaches are the ones who get fired, not the quarterbacks. You can't do an intelligent job of coaching if you don't know what play is going to be called. It handicaps you because you don't know how to correct the plays."

As with any new system, wigwagging has resulted in some unexpected benefits. For instance, in one Philadelphia game it served as an excellent early-warning sign of a concussion. Assistant Coach Carl Peterson wigwagged a conservative running play to Boryla after the quarterback had scrambled to a first and goal at the St. Louis five-yard line, but Boryla threw a dangerous pass that fell incomplete. The Eagles checked and, sure enough, Boryla didn't have the foggiest notion of where he was.

On another occasion, though, Boryla had more of a notion than his coaches imagined. With the Eagles trailing Atlanta 13-7 late in the fourth quarter and coming up to fourth-and-goal at the Falcons' nine, Head Coach Dick Vermeil suggested a play that Peterson wigwagged to Boryla. Then Vermeil remembered his play was not in the game plan and, fearing that the call would confuse his players, he decided to change it. Peterson madly waved his arms in a no, no, no gesture and signaled a second play. Vermeil had third thoughts, however, so Peterson waved frantically to Boryla again and wigwagged a third play. Boryla calmly watched this hectic pantomime, then called the first play—a post to Wide Receiver Charlie Smith. The Eagles scored and won the game 14-13.

Maybe Coryell is right about quarterbacks being smarter than coaches. **END**



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The elderly campus cop refuses to let Jerry Yeagley drive into the special parking lot because his sticker has expired. "I'm the coach of the soccer team," Yeagley tells him, angling for a little of the respect reserved at Indiana University for winning teams.

"O.K. this time," says the cop, "but I won't let you in again."

Once in the magnificent new athletic building, Yeagley strides down a plushly carpeted corridor. The nameplates on the doors read like a Who's Who of college coaching: Jim (Doc) Counsilman, who led Indiana to six NCAA titles and was the men's swim coach at Montreal; Bobby Knight, coach of Indiana's pride and joy, the 1976 NCAA champion basketball team.

The carpeting ends, but Yeagley keeps walking: down the stairs, past the equipment room to a tiny office with chicken wire in the glass. He apologizes to a visitor. "This used to be the janitor's office," he says. "They say we'll move soon."

The reason Yeagley has second-class quarters is that soccer is only in its fourth varsity year at IU and hasn't produced many dollars for the budget or titles for the brochures. The reason Yeagley may be on his way to better office space is that his Hoosiers have been the big surprise of this college season, starting out unmentioned and unranked and finishing 15-0-1, rated second nationally behind Clemson and headed for the NCAA playoffs.

"I've coached soccer here for 14 years," Yeagley says. "The first 10 we were just a club and intramural sport. I wanted to build a soccer power, to make something special, and we're on the way now. I had chances to go to better soccer schools and even the pros, but I stuck it out and I'm glad."

The theories that made the 36-year-old Yeagley a successful club coach (78-25-7) still define his varsity style and approach. "I don't like the concept of 'stars,'" he says, "the kind of team you can build by recruiting heavily in Africa and Jamaica. Clemson does it, and very successfully, but for me it is easier to build teamwork with American players."

Nonetheless the Hoosiers do have a star this year, and he is a foreigner to boot: Angelo DiBernardo, a 20-year-old freshman from Argentina who graduated from a suburban Chicago high school, is instrumental in IU's success. A striker of

Near the top of the pile

A HIGH-SCORING FRESHMAN FROM ARGENTINA BY WAY OF CHICAGO HAS INDIANA IN CONTENTION FOR THE NCAA TITLE AND HIS COACH IN LINE FOR AN OFFICE CARPET

surprising speed and touch, DiBernardo scored all of the Hoosier goals against St. Louis University in a 5-1 upset of the perennial NCAA soccer power that propelled Indiana into national prominence. The last two goals were one-on-one hits.

DiBernardo is mastering the star's art of understatement. "I didn't think I could do it," he says of his five-goal game, "but my aim is for the '78 World Cup, so I have to get ready." And he downplays the importance of his individual talents. "We are so close as a team, it's amazing," he says. Eighteen goals for a freshman is also amazing, especially when you learn that he missed five games because of injuries.

One could observe the Yeagley/DiBernardo style in IU's last real test of the season, a game with old rival Cleveland State on a miserably cold and cloudy afternoon, with 1,110 frozen fans watching the action in the 52,354-seat Indiana football stadium.

"Our strategy is to be first to the ball, particularly at midfield," says Yeagley.

"Whoever controls the ball controls the game." Playing a confident 4-3-3 zone, Indiana pressed Cleveland so hard that one of its defenders baited the ball with his hand inside the penalty area, and IU scored its first goal from the resulting penalty kick at 14:09.

Six minutes later DiBernardo, who has the uncanny ability to be at the right place at the right time, fired in a rebound off the goalie's hands for the second score. Seven minutes after that he took a pass at midfield. Surrounded by green shirts, he accelerated, outran three defenders and, as the goalie came out to meet him, placed a shot that surprisingly hooked in front of the goalie's knees and into a corner of the nets. Then DiBernardo sat down with a minor groin pull and his teammates scored two more goals for a 5-0 triumph.

"Until Angelo arrived, Jerry's teams had to rely on an Irish-English style of play," says Joe Ricapito, a longtime Indiana fan and the team's P.A. announcer. "That meant hard running, close defense, mid-range passes and occasional

continued



DIBERNARDO ZOOMS TO THE GOAL FROM MIDFIELD AGAINST OLD RIVAL CLEVELAND STATE

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SOCCER continued

long, touchline passes to clear the defending midfield. But he never had a good scoring combination up front. Now with Angelo and a few more like him, maybe they can finesse the game more, become more South American with more touch and short passes, not running themselves to death out there to win."

Another of Yeagley's stars is Steve Burks, a senior forward and the all-time Indiana scoring leader. Burks recalls how he came to be in Bloomington. "I was playing amateur soccer in Fort Wayne and one of Coach Yeagley's assistants came up to recruit me," he says. "I never finished high school. I'd played a little soccer in Europe. I didn't ever know they played it in college. So I took the equivalency test and came here to school. I wanted to go to the pros, but the coach convinced me I could do that after school. Now we'll see if he's right."

"We're a deep team but the real reason we've been doing well is mental. Yeagley can give you confidence. He uses a complicated psychology on you. When we're down 2-0 the forwards aren't afraid anymore to take chances and try to score."

Confidence is partly responsible for Indiana's new winning ways; so is Yeagley's deft recruiting and the solid style of soccer he learned growing up outside Philadelphia and playing on the West Chester State 1961 NCAA championship team. But there is more to it than that—namely, Yeagley's fierce desire to see soccer become a top sport in Bloomington. To that end he sometimes acts as if he were running a public-relations firm on the side. He has players giving soccer demonstrations around town in shopping centers. He has them selling tickets on the campus and nailing up bedsheet booster signs before important games. Burks, an art major, designs the programs. "And we're getting closer to paying our way," Yeagley reports happily about his gate receipts.

As he leans back in his chair and puts his big-time coach's tasseled loafers up on the desk in the janitor's office, Jerry Yeagley envisions the playoffs ahead. At the end of the long tunnel is Philadelphia, Dec. 5, the NCAA final. "I really don't know if we'll make it," he says. "I'm amazed at this year already. I don't know what to think. Except that I'm pretty happy about it." And he probably has not forgotten that a title on the door rats a carpet on the floor.

END

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On The Firing Line

Abused by the players, sniped at by the crowds, tennis officials have been known to go out to call a match as if they were being ordered into the trenches. Why do they suffer so gladly? For money? They get \$5.80 a day at Forest Hills. For love of the game? For love of the self?

By George Plimpton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHNEKARDT



Officials like Flo Blanchard, Adrian Clark and Frank Hammond are out of his league, but the author, cringing inwardly, perrified that he would doze or cry "Good!" if the ball landed on the line, called a center line at the Open.

CONTINUED



The officials' enclosure at Forest Hills—often referred to as the Pen—is in the back rows under the players' marquee. It contains about 50 chairs, which are usually occupied by men in dark blazers and gray trousers, who are very often smoking pipes as they wait to be assigned to matches. Their view of the stadium court is almost invariably blocked by people standing in the aisle in front of the enclosure, most frequently tennis players in sweat suits. But though there is a certain amount of craning of necks and shifting of seats to see what is going on, most of the officials seem content to sit back and gossip among themselves, recalling their experiences down on the court and indulging in their favorite verbal activity—backbiting. It is very lively in the Pen, the volume of noise not unlike that of a cocktail party. Indeed, when the umpire officiating in the stadium calls for quiet over the loud-speaker system, he is often attempting to hush up his own kind chattering away under the players' marquee.

The officials came in for considerable comment during this year's U.S. Open—critical, for a plethora of curious line calls and for an umpire's occasional loss of control over a match, and sympathetic, for being victimized by overwrought players, especially Ilie Nastase. I thought it would be interesting to spend a couple of days hanging around the Pen to see how the comments had affected the officials and hoping that I might get a chance to call a line myself—a Nastase match?—to gauge what the pressures were.

The officiating control center is the umpire's desk, which is at one end of the officials' enclosure; it is presided over by Bill Bigelow, the chief umpire, and his lieutenant, Flo Blanchard. Flo is the wife of Mike Blanchard, the tournament director, who has been the premier umpire in the U.S. for years and whose slow theatrical throb from the chair (he can draw out "Love-40" and shiver the afternoon air with it like a battery of buzzsaws) is one of the most distinctive and familiar sounds in professional tennis, right up there with Jimmy Connors' grunt when he hits the ball and Nastase's cry of "Dio!" when he misses one. Flo Blanchard and Bigelow took me in hand, though they were not so sure about my calling a line in a Nastase match. Perhaps, to see why, I should talk to some of the officials who had been involved in a Nastase confrontation. They introduced me around. A typical official was Jerry Manhold, a mild-mannered gentleman who owns a life insurance business in New Jersey that specializes in installing pension plans for small corporations. Two days earlier, he had left his home not long after daybreak for his office in Madison, N.J., where he worked for a couple of hours. At 9 a.m. he set off in his new Plymouth sedan for Forest Hills, arriving about 11 o'clock. He carried a brown pa-

per bag that held his lunch—a ham and cheese sandwich, which his wife had prepared, and a peach. After he parked, he walked across the grounds of the tennis club and checked in at the umpire's table. He was given chair No. 10 for the Nastase-Pohmann match in the stadium—of the 12 positions assigned officials this was the seat at the end of the doubles lane on the south end of the court near the players' marquee and under the parapetlike broadcasting booth with the television cameras sticking out like howitzer muzzles. "It is like being under the gun," Manhold said, "because they can peer down the line and second-guess you with stop-action on your call!" But Manhold did not anticipate any problems. It was his 15th year of officiating at Forest Hills. A fine club player himself (he played No. 1 for Syracuse in 1937-41, and has been the senior champion at his home club, Orange Lawn), he does not think calling a line is an especially taxing job. "Watching one little line and one little ball is not a problem," he remarked succinctly. "It's a question of being comfortable sitting there in the chair and paying attention."

The trouble began in the first set when Nastase complained that he thought a spectator's call of "Out!" was actually a linesman's call; he had quit on the ball. He wanted to have the point played over. George Armstrong, an English official sitting in the umpire's chair, made a ruling in his favor, which was considered very questionable.

"It was wrong," Flo Blanchard said later. "It's unfortunate if a fan yells like that, but we think a player ought to be able to tell if the call is coming from a linesman right behind him, or someone up in the stands. Only the linesman's call can be operative. It's tough luck, but otherwise a player could have a confederate up there in the stands calling 'Out!' every time he thought his friend was having trouble on crucial points."

Jerry Manhold's confrontation with Nastase came at the end of the second set. "The ball in question landed square on the line," Manhold recalled. "It was the odd game, 5-4, and the line had been swept while the players were resting during the changeover, so it was an easy call. But there were two marks outside the line and Nastase saw them. I have never heard a man scream like that except in terrible pain. It was an absolutely shocking sound. I was quite stunned. He stormed around my chair. It was like being in a blizzard. He tried to signal the umpire that my partner on the line on the other side of the net did not agree with my call—which was not so. I took him to the spot. It didn't appease him at all. He shrieked and pointed at the other marks. There wasn't anything I could do except continue to signal the umpire what I thought."

By this time the crowd was in fur-

When Joe Lynch calls them, it's loud and clear



moil. Objects were hurled out of the stands as the fans' attention—and Nastase's—began to focus on the umpire.

George Armstrong was paying his first visit to the U.S. He is a civil servant from Eastbourne with 25 years of experience as a tennis official. On his arrival he had gone immediately to Philadelphia where he served as an official in the Federation Cup matches in the week preceding Forest Hills. He is a spare, lively man with a small gray mustache and the faintly pink mottled face of someone with fair skin who has spent too much time in the sun. When he appeared at the umpires' table, Bill Bigelow assigned him to the umpire's chair for the Nastase-Pohmann match; his credentials were excellent—all those years of officiating, including umpiring two final matches at Wimbledon. Forest Hills was very honored to have him.

"The main problem was the crowd," Armstrong said about his experience. "Oh, yes, quite a departure from Wimbledon. I kept saying over the public-address system, 'Quiet, ladies and gentlemen,' but [he looked aggrieved] I could not make myself heard. I said, 'Nastase, please play' but because of all that racket he could not hear me. Finally, he came over to the chair. He called up, 'I accept the call. It is 30 all. But come and look at the marks.' I shouted down at him, 'If you accept the call, sir, there's no point in my looking at your marks. Please play!'"

Armstrong shook his head, recalling with dismay the awesome sound of the crowd: it was as if the amphitheater with its great welter of noise had been tilted against his ear like a bowl. He was remembering, too, the litter of flung programs, the tennis balls tossed down and the oranges rolling helter-skelter and loudly across the geometric perfection of the tennis court.

"I was in a completely alien environment," Armstrong said. "But at no time did I lose control of myself or the game, although, considering the circumstances, I could well have. At one stage the public-address system came on in the middle of all that frightening business and asked, 'Umpire, will you check your score?' I had not been incorrect, but what was I supposed to do—have an argument with the public-address system? I had no idea who was on the other end. I could have done without that," he added sharply.

Armstrong's assessment of the situation was not universal. One of the officials in the enclosure took me aside and snorted that Armstrong had as much control of the situation as Captain Queeg had of the *Caine* in the typhoon. "Nastase should have been removed; Armstrong should have been removed; it was a disgrace."

This sort of acidity turned out to be typical in the Pen. Indeed, it was the one aspect of George Armstrong's travail that annoyed him.

Quite cheerful and at ease with himself about his decisions, he was distressed by the critical comments his fellow officials made publicly about him. "Calling out against one's own kind" he bristled. "Quite improper! Can't imagine that sort of thing happening at Wimbledon. Absolutely not!"

From time to time as we sat there, Bill Bigelow or Flo Blanchard would call off a list of officials to report to a certain court and, with the sound of pipes being knocked out against the metal legs of their chairs, the officials would rise and set forth. I noticed that though they are supposed to wear a prescribed uniform—dark blazer, gray trousers, colored shirts, low-key striped tie—this year there was a profusion of irregular garb, especially headgear: safarilike helmets, baseball caps, swordfishermen visors, cone-shaped yachting hats, golf caps with the round club insignia in front, and one black Dutch sea captain's cap that gave the wearer a strong resemblance to early portraits of Lenin. Bigelow told me that a couple of years ago he had been startled to look out on the center court and discover Bertie Bowron, one of the most distinguished British umpires, sitting up in the umpire's chair wearing sandals with "his bare toes hanging off the front of them." Perhaps the most extreme example of sartorial excess Bigelow could recall was that of a woman who turned up for a day's officiating in 1974 dressed in a black chafon cocktail dress.

The individualities of the officials were equally evident when on duty in their chairs; their postures at courtside ranged from the nonchalant—leaning back, arms crossed, one leg thrown casually over the other, as if waiting for someone in a hotel lobby—to the tension of a sprinter poised in the starting blocks. The most familiar example of the latter at Forest Hills year after year has been the posture of Frank Hammond, a bulky gentleman who on service calls leans so far forward out of his chair that he tilts it up off its

back legs; for balance he either grasps an ankle or touches the court in front of him with his fingertips to keep from tumbling forward in a heap. Hammond said that he goes out of his chair even farther on the truly crucial points—in a tie breaker, for instance—his head hanging like a balloon not more than a foot and a half above the court surface. "The closer to the ground when you're calling the cross lines, the better you can see the ball. In fact," Hammond went on to say, "if you lay down flat on the court, you couldn't miss, and if it weren't for the spectacle—people lying out there like corpses—I would recommend it." It is an exhausting and demanding job, according to Hammond. He remembers a videotape taken in Philadelphia's Spectrum during a match that showed on review that he had 57 close judgments to make on the service line in one match.

Referee Hare rendered an empirical decision



continued

When a game is over and the responsibility for service line calls has shifted to the official on the other side of the net, Hammond leans back and unbuttons his coat to reveal a large expanse of pink shirtfront; he slides his hands inside his belt like a man pushing back from a large and very satisfying meal.

Authorities differ on the best method of sighting the base and service lines, which, being crosslines on the court, are considered far more difficult to call than the side and center lines toward which the ball travels on a near-parallel course. Some linesmen on the service line cup their eyes with their palms, providing shields like the blinders on a horse, so they can concentrate on the line. Other officials criticize this method, pointing out that a blink of the eye can come along at the same time as the ball. "In that case," they scoff, "these horse-blinder people might as well be judging from the inside of a paper bag." These critics feel that the proper method is to glance down and watch the player begin to move into the motion of his serve, then "glomp" (Flo Blanchard's favorite word) their eyes on the line, knowing that the ball is going to flash by within a couple of seconds, during which time they can avoid the dreaded blink.

Almost universally, officials accept the service line as being the most difficult to judge; a server can blast a ball, which will rip or just the miss the line, at speeds of more than 100 mph. Bill Bigelow is one of the few officials who thinks the baseline is the most difficult to call, not only because a player's feet can obscure the linesman's vision (in which case he has to make the forlorn gesture to the umpire's chair—his hands over his eyes to indicate that his view was "unsighted"), but also because, unlike when he calls a service line, in an extended rally he never knows when he may have to make a decision.

Of the various tennis surfaces, the carpet courts—especially those with the bright checkerboard World Team Tennis designs—are the hardest to judge. Clay is the easiest because the ball leaves a skid mark. If the linesman wishes, he can walk out on the court and look for the mark to check his decision. It takes a brave man to leave his chair to do so, because the people in the stands all have an opinion; the voices drift down, many of them from the rim of the stadium a couple of hundred feet away. When the linesman arrives, he may find two or three marks. He stares mournfully down, like a man who has discovered crabgrass in his lawn; whatever he decides, he will hear the thin whistles of disapproval.

For accepting these occupational hazards, Forest Hills officials are paid \$5.80 a day for their efforts; they also receive a couple of tickets and some food coupons. All of this adds up to less than the \$30 a day the ball boys and girls get at Forest Hills for scampering around the courts clearing the balls. The reasons for volunteering vary. Many do it because of their love of the game, a desire to be as close to involvement as possible and because they enjoy the responsibilities. These are the officials the directors hope to have on hand for a tournament.

For others, it is an ego trip—to be in front of a crowd, friends gazing down and saying, "Look, there's Jake," and, best of all, the chance to appear on television. Bud Collins,

the tennis sportscaster, always makes a point of mentioning linesmen by name, a practice that is accepted with considerable gratitude. Officiating at Forest Hills not only allows the linesmen and umpires to be recognized publicly, but also it often gives them the chance to trade a humdrum job for two weeks of being someone in authority, with a chance to make decisions that will affect the outcome of a famous event. They can be very authoritarian.

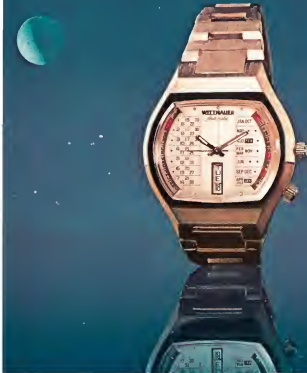
One of the more outspoken officials in the Pen was Adrian Clark, hefty, with muttonchop sideburns and a pair of crossed American flags in his lapel. He wears granny glasses; on duty he sports blue sneakers and a long-peaked baseball cap. After his role in the Nastase-Tanner quarterfinal match, two days after the Nastase-Pohmann debacle, he became a television celebrity, a fixture on the evening news programs for his involvement in a controversy over a ball that both players and the umpire thought landed on the line—a crucial shot off Nastase's racket that broke Tanner's serve in the ninth game of the final set. With the odd-game crossover at hand, Tanner—who in his failure to reach the ball was closest to the spot—and Nastase started to walk off the court. The umpire had his head down working on his scorecard. Just then, everyone noticed Adrian Clark standing off from his chair at the end of the court and indicating with arm gestures and by voice that the ball was in fact out. The crowd became an instant arbiter, the majority very quick to assume that Nastase was getting a break he did not deserve. The turmoil began and continued without a letup until Charles Hare, the referee, was requested to come to the court, where he conferred with the umpire and the two players. From his chair with its back up against the green protective canvas, Clark would make an occasional thrust of his arm in an "out" motion—the gesture of an outraged father ordering his daughter's suitor from the house—which served to provide a live portrait of indignation for television and to ignite the crowd to further shouts of bellicosity.

Hare made an empirical decision: three men thought the ball was good, including Tanner, the player who stood to lose the most (curiously, within the month Tanner had made two such calls against his own best interest while playing in a tournament in South Orange, N.J.), and only one man, Clark, thought the ball was out, so Hare stood with the majority. "I am an old player," he told me. "I support them. They're the horses, not the linesmen." Clark was visibly annoyed at the decision—turning from his chair with a fine stomp of disgust (which naturally was picked up on television) and afterward announcing in the officials' enclosure that the ruling was not only illegal but politically motivated. "I have to assume that they're all trying to keep Nastase happy," Clark said. "Well, I'm not going to baby-sit for him or anyone else!"

Clark's detractors in the Pen murmured among themselves that he had made a similar controversial call against Nastase the year before. "When Nastase's winning, he's objectionable," Clark was saying loudly. "When he's losing, he's highly objectionable."

From what I could gather, the opinions on Nastase among the officials in the Pen ranged from Clark's outrage ("Throw

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him out! A disgrace!") to tolerance ("Nastase has to be mad at something; since he doesn't like being mad at himself, he finds someone else") to complete forgiveness (even from a surprising number of those who had been berated by him) because of his superb tennis. Frank Hammond appreciated him for a sort of wry humor. He remembered once umpiring a match between Nastase and Bob Hewitt in the grandstand court during which Hewitt got so angry at himself at a game-losing point that he socked a ball up into the air that came down about seven courts away, dropping like a mortar shot in the midst of a doubles match. As the two players changed sides, Hammond said, "O.K., Bob, now let's cool it."

"At this point," Hammond recalled, "Nastase said, 'Well, now, I've got one coming,' and though I warned him that wasn't the way we worked things, sure enough, a couple of games later he smacked a ball in a fit of rage, very likely faked, and it soared way up and hit a guy who was leaning over and looking down from the parapet of the stadium next door. It actually hit this guy right in the middle of the forehead. Really popped him."

Adrian Clark made a face. "Disgrace. You should have thrown him out. He should have been thrown out of the Pohnmann match."

Somebody pointed out that it was Tanner's refusal to accept a point that was the key to the controversy in his match with Nastase. "What do we have officials for?" Clark bridled. "Since when does the batter in the box have the right to turn around to the umpire and say, 'No, I'm sorry, that wasn't a ball, it was a strike. That's my third strike. I'm struck out. Goodbye!'"

Clark seemed to regard the players as his adversaries, and, predictably, many players look on the officials the same way. The linesmen and umpires spoke of going out to some of the matches as if they were being ordered into the trenches. One of them told me that in a match against Zeljko Franulovic, Vitas Gerulaitis, shouting obscenities, had threatened to smash a baseline official in the face with his racket for calling a foot fault—which was considered very bush in the Pen because a foot fault is not so much a judgment call as a simple observation: it is or it isn't.

Sometimes the confrontations have become physical. Joe Lynch, a sandy-haired Bostonian known on the circuit for the volume of his calls (the closer the ball comes to the line the more anguished his cry, like a man doused in the face with a pail of ice water), got into a shoving match with Ion Tiriac during a WTT match while trying to keep the player from intimidating an elderly linesman (Tiriac had been shaking the gentleman in his chair). After the fracas Lynch reported Tiriac's behavior to the umpire, which is the official procedure for putting a player on report, and the Romanian, who is known off the court for his affability (and his parlor trick of eating a wine glass for \$50 and a heavy glass ashtray for \$100), was fined.

Flo Blanchard suspects that much of such court behavior is the result of the tremendous pressure put on today's players. "In the old days," she said, "if a player wanted to enter a tournament, why he just let us know he wanted to play. Now everyone fights for his life on the circuit—if he

doesn't win a certain number of matches, he's out. In such a situation specific points during a match can mean a great deal to his welfare; you can imagine how important the decision of a linesman can be."

Tennis professionals grouse openly about the officiating. Too often, they feel, their concentration and the tempo of the match are thrown out of kilter by the calls and by a nagging suspicion that they are going to be hurt by a bad call or an insecure umpire. They think many of the officials are too old, especially to call lines. Tiriac once described their age as being "between 50 and death." Invariably, the touring pros would prefer to have their matches marked by young, professional umpires and linesmen, teams that would follow the tournaments such as basketball and baseball are provided with their officials. Arthur Ashe, who is the chairman of the rules committee of the Association of Tennis Professionals, points out that, "There is no reason to expect that an insurance salesman can come in from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who's umpired a couple of municipal park tournaments, and sit up there in the chair at Forest Hills and be a first-rate official. He doesn't have the constant experience. We need people who do nothing else, who officiate just as much as we play tennis."

With others Ashe has proposed that to help keep a firm hold on matches, umpires should have the right to impose penalty points. For example, if Nastase stalled serving at the start of a game, carrying on and flagrantly breaking a rule, the umpire could call out (without a point being played), "Mr. Nastase, the score is now love-15." But when the idea was suggested at a recent ATP meeting and a show of hands was asked to gauge support, of the 74 members present only three put their hands up. The chief reason for this reaction, Ashe believes, is that the players have so little confidence in present-day officials that they despair of giving them that sort of authority.

The economics of professional officiating is another stumbling block. Along with an umpire and a net-cord judge, important matches traditionally require 10 linesmen. During the two-week span of the U.S. Open, Bill Bigelow dispensed officiating functions to more than 150 officials, some of them—which would indicate their eagerness to participate—coming at their own expense from as far away as Puerto Rico and Hawaii. Though the number diminishes as the draw narrows to its final events, Bigelow has figured out that, including travel, more than a thousand man-days are involved in officiating a major tournament. Obviously, an equitable payment for that amount of work done by professionals (in other sports, officials' salaries range up to \$40,000 a year) would cut deeply into the prize money available for the athletes.

Ashe still insists that it can be done, perhaps with a cut-down team of six officials, each responsible for more than one line, helping each other out on critical points, much as officials in basketball and baseball work together.

As for the cost, Ashe speaks of it as being "part of the cost of doing business . . . really like spending money putting up bleachers. In fact," he says, "you should have good teams of officials before you have the bleachers."

Many officials agree. One of them took me aside in the

continued

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Pen and whispered that he didn't think that more than 10 of the 150-plus volunteers at the U.S. Open could qualify as respectable officials. "To begin with, they should all be forced to take eye and reaction tests," he said. "I suspect some of these people tap their way out here with canes. Oh, we have some real beauts." He began telling me about an umpire in a tournament on the West Coast who in mid-match was discovered to be belligerently drunk. In the middle of a point in the third set, a paper cup on the umpire's stand had toppled off and burst in a spray of ice that rolled out and sparked on the court.

"Damn!"

The umpire's voice boomed out over the amplifying system. The crowd was startled, and even more so to hear the umpire call for a ball boy to run up to the clubhouse and fetch him down a bourbon and soda.

"And bring a straw!"

The umpire made no attempt to cover the microphone. His face was very red. He wore a blazer and yachtsman's cap. "Third down!" he called after one of the players had hit the ball into the net. He swayed back and forth on his perch. A second paper cup toppled off. "Out!" he called as a player threw up the ball to serve. He began snapping the bright sun umbrella above his head open and shut.

The linesmen came over and tried to persuade the umpire to climb down. He refused. Play stopped, the players just rallying the ball back and forth, occasionally stopping to look over.

The tournament director hurried down to the court. He could see the spectators standing. One look was sufficient. A cluster of men surrounded the umpire's chair, one of them with a shoe in his hand that had come off when he tried to tug the umpire down. The tournament director made a quick decision. "Remove the whole thing. Take that chair off and leave it somewhere."

The microphone wire was detached. The chair swayed. Up in his seat the umpire set his jaw, feigning disdain as they began to jockey his chair out of the court area. It took six men at the legs to do it. They bore him out across the club grounds—the official described him as staring straight ahead like a potestate swaying in his howdah on an elephant's back. Not wanting to have him on the premises to harass the crowds from his perch, nor especially wishing to tilt the structure and tip him out, they deposited him in a field behind the far courts, facing his chair toward a distant water tower, his back to the tournament grounds.

"Another umpire was found and also a chair for him to sit in," the official said. "But by the time everyone had settled down and they were ready for play to resume, no one could remember the score. So someone ran out to the field on the off chance the guy out there, despite his condition, might remember. He was still in his chair gloomily staring off into the distance, and when he was asked, he looked down from his perch and called out, 'Thirty-40, you nit-wits,' clear as a bell."

Flo Blanchard came down by the enclosure rail and tapped me on the shoulder. "I have a match coming up in which you can call a line. Not Nastase, but you'll get a sense of what it's like."

The official who had told me the story about the drunken umpire gave me some last-minute advice. "Don't fall asleep," he said. "It's quite possible to do so. It's hot out there, and you can find yourself sitting in the sun for three or four hours."

Others had spoken of that. A day or so before, Clark Graebner had told me about a lineswoman he had discovered asleep during a match he was playing against Abe Segal, the South African, at Wimbledon some years back. "It wasn't a dull match at all," he said, "but I noticed her—after looking over to see why she hadn't made an obvious 'out' call—and there she was, slumped over slightly, head down. I went over and nudged her, frankly to see if she had died. Well, she bobbed her head slightly, but she didn't wake up. Eventually she did, but by then everyone had noticed her—a quite elderly lady, as I remember, tilted to one side in her chair—and in the stands there was quite a lot of uproarious laughter, at least by British standards."

Flo Blanchard, when I mentioned it, also remembered the incident. She told me at the officials' table that the woman was one of the finest umpires in England, but after what had happened, she was rarely seen at a tournament again. Small wonder. Could there be anything more traumatic than beginning to wake up, hearing the faint drone of the outside world, expecting to see the familiar pattern of light streaming in one's bedroom window and with a pleasant yawn working at one's lips only to burst awake in the bright glare of a Wimbledon court, a tennis player with a supercilious smile standing just a yard or so away and beyond him the tiers of people rising up, the faces turned, the rows of bowler hats, and then hearing the guffawing.

Lord! I wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to prime myself with a container of coffee.

The match Blanchard had arranged for me was out on the grandstand court, a semifinal women's doubles match between a chunky pair of South Africans, Linky Boshoff and Ilana Kloss, and a Yugoslav-Romanian team, Mima Jau-sovec and Virginia Ruzici. As I walked out I stared at the Romanian and wondered how many lessons in deportment she had received from Tiriac and Nastase. There were only about 200 people in the stands (the Berg-Nastase match was starting in the stadium), but I was conscious of what linesmen meant when they talked about feeling themselves an integral part of the performance. There is a feeling of importance, of walking onto a stage. The pleasure of it was somewhat diluted in my case by my sartorial inelegance: when I took out my dark blazer that morning I discovered a large hole in the elbow. It looked as though the mice had got to it. My only dark tie in the closet was a deep purple Harvard Lampoon centennial tie with its pattern of gold jesters riding horseback—at which my fellow officials in the Pen, suave in their crossed-racket ties, had stared curiously. On my way to the chair (my assignment was chair No. 8, the south court center line, which is considered the least demanding) I walked slightly hunched over, holding my elbow cupped in my free hand, trying to look nonchalant. I was wearing a white tennis hat adorned with a coffee stain, which I faced around to the back. I reached my seat and sank into it. I looked around. A linesman's seat is the best

continued

in the house. The players are so close that one has the odd sense of being a playing doubles partner. One hears the squeak and scuff of sneakers on the clay, the whispered words of encouragement, the self-goading slap of a hand against a bare thigh, the self-reproachment (the women's swearing, according to Flo Blanchard, is usually coprologic in vocabulary, while the men's tends toward the copulatory). I noticed one of the South Africans was wearing a thin elephant-hair bracelet. One of her opponents wore two religious medals on a pair of gold chains.

I did not have an especially good time out there. I did not enjoy the constant effort to good myself into concentrating—such a change from the near-somnolence of being a mere spectator basking in the sun. I kept remembering the elderly lady tilting in her chair. I did not cotton to the responsibility—I found myself cringing inwardly when the ball would come off the server's racket and head for the center line, and I was relieved when a serve angled across into the alley corner and became the responsibility of a compatriot wearing a blue-felt visor seated down the fence from me. I kept reminding myself that if the ball landed on the line I must not cry out "Good" in midpoint, which is what one so often does when playing. To my relief, on the few calls I was required to make (my voice squawking feebly—

the tone, a friend of mine on the sidelines reported, not unlike the evening croak of the black-crowned night heron), there was no reaction from the court. I would have been mortified if any of the players had turned around and glared. I was delighted when the South Africans won the match in straight sets (they went on to win the final) and I was able to slope out of there and return to the visual delights of the stadium match without being involved in anything except the pleasure of sipping a beer from a paper cup.

Back in the Pen, I sat down next to a linesman I recognized from the Nastase-Tanner match—Jerry Pope it said on his official's badge. He turned out to be a Northwest Airlines pilot from a small town named Chanhassen near Minneapolis and he was devoting his vacation to officiating at Forest Hills, the second year he had done so. A very lean, neatly dressed, athletic-looking gentleman, he had been assailed by Nastase for one of his calls on the baseline. Nastase kept glaring at him thereafter, putting his racket under his arm and clapping his hands derisively when Pope had an easy call to make. Pope refused to look at him, gazing straight ahead somewhat sorrowfully. That was the procedure suggested in the Pen—never argue with an aggrieved player or even look at him (the theory was that eye contact could put the linesman in his power), which meant that the

continued



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Firing Line *continued*

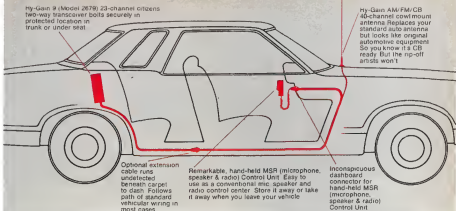
linesman had to commit himself to looking like a miscreant, eyes averted, seated humbly on his chair while the player capered about, storming at him.

I sympathized with Pope and said I had not had a very good time out on the court, either. He nodded. "I didn't feel angry at Nastase," he said, "but I felt very upset that he was angry—it bothered me that I might have made a mistake. I was never asked to yield, but Nastase was so obviously sure of himself. It's not for show. He sincerely thinks that the linesman is wrong. So it was hard for me. Nastase is one of my favorite players. In fact, I was really hoping that he'd win the tournament, certainly I hoped that he'd beat Tanner who doesn't have the wonderful range of shots that Nastase's gifted with, and which for a tennis enthusiast like myself makes him such fun to watch." He grimaced. "But that match wasn't any fun for me just because I might have been wrong. The pressure became too great. I kept hoping that someone would lose so that I could get off the court quickly. Last year it was fun. This year it wasn't."

Jerry Manhold and George Armstrong turned out to have accepted their experiences on center court with far more equanimity than either Pope or myself. Manhold told me that after his confrontation with Nastase he had dinner at the clubhouse with friends. "I had a couple of martinis—I think they were deserved—and we sat around for a while gossiping about the day and about the shot that caused all that debris to come out of the stands. I went to bed as soon as I got home. The television was on—the late evening news—and the last thing I remember was my wife saying, 'Oh, my God, there you are!'"

George Armstrong, despite his English background, is a big baseball fan. He went to see the Mets play at Shea Stadium the night of the Nastase-Polmann match. Tom Seaver pitched a shutout. The game he especially appreciated though was at Yankee Stadium three nights later when a tremendous argument broke out on the field over whether or not a ball was a home run. Four umpires were involved in the dispute; it got very heated, the stands were in an uproar, and Armstrong sat watching it with a big smile. He said it was the best tonic imaginable.

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Yesterday

by GEORGE A. SIFE

HOPES WERE HIGH FOR MACE-COBURN UNTIL THEY PUT THEIR DUKES DOWN

The typical 19th century bareknuckle fighter is commonly regarded as a durable brawler who thought nothing of battling and bleeding for 60, 70 or 80 rounds, until either he or his opponent dropped from sheer exhaustion. The resulting bouts, we have come to believe, may not have been artistic, but they invariably pleased the crowds.

That image is somewhat misleading. A number of the fights between bareknucklers were such turkeys that the participants probably could have been sued for defrauding the spectators—had the sport been legal.

Two of the most celebrated miscreants were *Jem Mace* and *Joe Coburn*, who fought as heavyweights although they weighed only 165 pounds. They were both good boxers, but for some reason getting together in the ring brought out the worst in both of them.

When it was announced that the two would meet in May 1871, an excellent match appeared to be in the offing. Mace was recognized in Britain as the heavyweight champion, but at 40 he was somewhat past his prime. His career dated all the way back to 1850 when, as a teenager in England, he took on John Pratt, the Norwich champion, in a 69-round bout in which the heavy-hitting Mace broke both hands while losing. Mace later defeated Pratt in 10 rounds.

In those days fights were not divided into three-minute rounds separated by one-minute intervals; instead, the contestants started out at a point in mid-ring called "scratch" and fought until one of them slipped or was knocked down. That terminated the round. The fight ended only when one of the boxers was unable to continue.

In his prime a decade later, Mace beat the Black Wonder, Bob Travers, in a fight that required two days to complete because of an untimely interruption by the police. In 1861 he defeated a 224-pound boxer-wrestler named Sam Hurst—who went by the curious sobriquet *The Stay-*

leybridge Infant—in only 40 minutes. Mace came to the U.S. after the Civil War and scored his first major victory here in 1870, beating Tom Allen in New Orleans. After the bout Mace announced that he was retiring to his saloon at 23rd Street and Sixth Avenue in New York City.

Allen's second for his fight with Mace was 35-year-old Joe Coburn, an Irish immigrant who had beaten most of the good American heavyweights. In desperate need of opponents and money (he had lost all his dough betting on fights), Coburn challenged Mace to a bout. Fight fans agreed that it would be a natural, and Mace decided to unretire.

For nearly six months the upcoming championship fight was a constant topic of conversation. *The New York Herald* noted, "Even the soft depths of the feminine heart were aroused and wagers of dozens of gloves and elegant bouquets, with seats at the opera, were frequently offered and taken. New bonnets and glitteringly gilded boxes of bonbons were articles of frequent interchange upon discussions of feminine opinion."

On April 30 it was announced that the fight would take place in Canada, just across the border from Buffalo, so that American authorities could not interfere; Canadian officials promptly said that the participants would be arrested if they tried to stage the fight at the designated location. Of course, this threat only added to the air of excitement.

On May 4 another complication arose when Coburn, who had already arrived in Buffalo, received word that his wife had died. Speculation began on how long the fight would be delayed by this development, but Coburn announced almost immediately that the bout would proceed on schedule. In one of the more notorious New York saloons, Jim Coburn, the boxer's brother, said, "Well, of course he was kind of put out. It was so very sudden. But then he's game and can stand a damned sight more than that."

Relieved, most fight fans settled back to await the newspaper accounts of the bout. Others made their way north to watch it, on the farm of Daniel Wooley near Fort Dover, Ontario. Just before midnight on May 11, two steam launches left Buffalo and Erie with the fighters and their parties. At 11 the next morning, 1,500 spectators were at ringside as Referee Dick Hollywood flipped a coin to determine which fighter would be allowed the choice of corners. Mace won

and selected the corner that would enable him to have his back to the sun. At 11:53 the fighters shook hands and began to fight. More than an hour later Round 1 was still in progress, and neither fighter had had a solid hand on the other.

The Mace-Coburn match was a classic example of how the prevailing format could be abused so that a fight became little more than a stalling match. The problem was that Coburn wanted to box against the ropes in his corner while Mace preferred to mix it up at the center of the ring. Neither would give in. Coburn retreating to his corner immediately after every scratch. Mace following for a step or two, then refusing to budge. "At times the men stood contemplating one another for as much as five minutes without raising their arms," wrote one reporter.

No one knows how long this dulltest round in boxing history might have lasted, because at 1:02 p.m. someone yelled, "Police!" and 50 Canadian troops from the 39th Regiment materialized along with Chief Magistrate William Wilson and Sheriff Edmund Deeds. Totally oblivious to the lack of action, Wilson ordered the fight stopped. Perhaps stupefied by the apathetic bout, the spectators did not even bother to panic and run as Wilson read his official pronouncement. (However, a dexterous pickpocket bestirred himself enough to lift the magistrate's \$175 watch and chain.) "It is questionable if ever a proposed fight, either of much or little significance, ever terminated in such a fiasco," said a ringside observer as all bets were canceled and the crowd dispersed.

Subjected to much scorn in the ensuing months, Mace and Coburn agreed to a return meeting at the end of November in Bay St. Louis, Miss., about 40 miles northeast of New Orleans. As soon as the rematch began, it was clear that the participants were no more interested in hitting each other than they had been in May. The boxers plodded through 12 rounds in four hours; the fourth round lasted nearly an hour and ended only when Mace fell rather suspiciously in front of Referee Rufus Hunt. Hunt finally stopped the fight, later describing the boxers as "one afraid and the other afraid."

No one disputed that, and a third Mace-Coburn match was never held. By popular demand, no doubt.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
Nov. 7-7

BASEBALL—**BILL CAMPBELL**, a relief pitcher signed a four-year contract with the Boston Red Sox, estimated to be worth \$1 million, less than \$8 hours after the first round of talks that date he had resigned in mid-October. The deal again had been completed. The 25-year-old right-hander earned \$12,000 at Montreal while compiling a 17-5 record and was one of the 13 players whose rights were traded by the team over 12 seasons.

BOWLING—**MARIE ROEH** of Staten Island, N.Y., defeated Paul Caldwell of Tucson, Ariz., by 99 pins to win the \$40,000 World Open Cup in Cleveland. It was Roeh's fifth PBA win this year and the seventh of his six-year career.

PRO BASKETBALL—Washington and Kansas City each won three games but played no games in the Central and Midwest because the respective division leaders, Cleveland and Denver, also won three games. The Bulls swept a pair from Boston, which lost four straight, as Evan Hryhor scored a total of 64 points in 497-104 and 109-103 victories. The Cavs came within one victory by beating the Nets 101-93, but on Sunday Cleveland finally lost, 107-91 to Atlanta. Denver's streak reached seven as David Thompson had 29 points in a 105-101 defeat of Milwaukee in the Atlantic. Philadelphia gave Gene Shue his 500th coaching victory with a 101-96 triumph over Golden State, while New York ended a four-game losing streak by beating Los Angeles 106-121 at Garden. Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe combined for 56 points and 6 1/2 made forward-center Lonnie Shelton boarded with a vengeance. Bill Walton scored 26 points and hit his 10,000th shot in Portland's 104-104 rout of Philadelphia. Stamping Golden State, which didn't win its second home game last season until Jan. 28, dropped in second in three nights, to the Knicks 112-111, after blowing an early 16-point lead.

PRO FOOTBALL—AFC West leader Oakland secured its 18-17 victory over Chicago, thanks to an ill-audited "auditorium" while by official Chuck Bledsoe, which nullified a touchdown that would have taken the Bears' 27-21 lead. The Bears still had a winning record. Second victory for Ben Thomas' 30-yard field-goal attempt in the right up and bounced back. Dan Fouts, son of the AFC East, defeated San Diego 27-21 in the 49ers' game 25, played for three touchdowns. The 17-year-old New England rookie Mike Moore scored an 89-yard punt return, the longest in the club's 17-year history, and the defense intercepted four passes to lead the Patriots past Buffalo 20-10. J. Simpson was ejected from the game after a first-quarter fumble. Pittsburgh ran up its widest winning margin in 24 years while scoring Kansas City 45-0. Cleveland struggled with the Steelers for second place in the AFC Central by handing Houston its fourth straight loss, 21-7. Miami beat the New York Jets 27-7, and Denver kept Tampa Bay winless. 40-13. Danny White's face pain and Charlie Mullen's diving interceptions set up two second-half Dallas field goals, and the NFC East leaders staged a last-second game-winning drive to threaten the win. New York Giants, 9-3. Joe Thornton completed 16 of 31 passes for 303 yards and set a mark for a first down on a field field goal that set up Mark Moseley's drive. 39-yard field goal at Washington 26-21 was over San Francisco. Joe Baker's 20-yard field goal led off St. Louis past Philadelphia 17-14. Rookie Wide Receiver Sonny White caught two scoring passes from Tom Frazier and set up two other touchdowns as Minnesota took a 35-yard lead in the NFC Central by beating Detroit 21-13. Green Bay rallied to defeat New Orleans 27-21. Seattle's defense, the winner in the NFC, forced 14 of four Atlanta passes and quarterback Jim Zorn threw two touchdowns passes as the Seahawks recorded victory No. 2, 30-13.

GOLF—Results: **BILL KEATZERT** and **WOODY BLACKBURN** won the \$100,000 Walt Disney World National Team Championship on Karpis's 16th hole in the third hole of a sudden-death playoff against Gary Brewer and Bobby Nichols. The teams had tied at 260 over the regulation 72 holes at Lake Buena Vista Plant.

CONNA CAPONE enjoyed shot a five-and-a-par 717 on the par-74 Hanyuichi Golf Club course to win with the \$100,000 LPGA Mexico Japan Classic by four strokes over Choko Higuchi in Osaka, Japan.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL. "It only has a certain number of mites left in it and it's up to him to decide how he's going to use those mites," said Don Johnston after losing winning Bobby Orr's left knee. The 28-year-old left

capo defenseman, who had an antiseptic operation, plans to return after two weeks' rest. In the meantime, the Black Hawks dropped three points behind St. Louis in the Stanley Division. Steve Shutt of the Canadiens scored three goals and took the league goal-scoring lead with 16, as Montreal, first in the Norris Division, trounced the Black Hawks 11-3. Pittsburgh's scoring leader Pierre Larueche was suspended for disciplinary reasons, and the Penguins won their second game in a row, 4-1 over Colorado. Boston, once the Adams Division, beat Chicago 7-5, with Peter McNally getting the first hat trick of his five-year career. 3-1 to the Bruins led to 12 goals and five assists in 13 games. Toronto's rookie goalie, Mike Palmateer, notched his fourth win in a start as Larry McDougal scored twice in a 4-3 defeat of Atlanta. The Islanders third win of the week came as Minnesota's expense, 5-3. Bob Nystrom and Denis Potvin each scoring twice. Philadelphia lost for the first time in nine games, 3-2 to Detroit, as the Red Wings' outcasted Pierre Fauriol led to six points. Ranger rookie Don Murdoch scored his 15th goal in a 3-1 loss to New York played a 3-5 tie with Los Angeles.

WHA Houston Gulls' Wayne Rabeledt led out 16 shots in the Aeros defeated Winnipeg 3-1 in overtime and a tie with the Jets in the Western Division. They stayed locked at week's end as Winnipeg played past Miami 5-2, with four scores coming on power plays, and Houston scored Phoenix's 9-3 as Terry Rucinski scored four goals and Larry Lund three. Calgary's winning streak goes to five with a 4-1 defeat of Edmonton. Ron Cappelletti's two goals in the first period kept the Comets out of the cellar. Quebec stopped the Oilers in a first-round tiebreaker, 2-1. The Canadiens won their first game against Indianapolis 8-2 when Claude Larue and Pierre Marche each scored two goals. Birmingham fought back over time, San Diego's Gary Veneruzzo tallying an 8-5 for a 4-3 win. The Bulls heated their five-game losing streak two nights later with a 5-3 defeat of Phoenix.

HORSE RACING—**YOUTH** (55.66) ridden by Sandy Hawley, scored a 16-length victory over Mr. May 11 in the \$150,000 Washington D.C. International at Laurel. The three-year-old colt covered the 115-mile race in 1:40.6 (page 20).

KING PELLINORE (53.88), B.E. Shoemaker, up, won the \$250,000 Champagne by a nose over L'Honneur. The four-year-old colt took in 2:00 for the \$100,000 race at Santa Anita Park.

MOTOR RACING—**AL UNSER**, driving a Porsche-Corvairs, won the \$40,625 Phoenix 100-mile sprint 197 493-mph Gordon Johncock finished second to clinch the USAC championship car title (page 64).

TENNIS—Chris Evert lost her first match since April, to **YVINGA WADDE**, 6-3, 6-2 in the final of the \$300,000 Dwyer Cup in London. The women's title went to **RAUL RAMIREZ**, who ended Manuel Orantes' 22-match winning streak with a 6-3, 6-4 victory. **JIMMY CUNNINGHAM** defeated Ben McMillan 6-2, 6-3 to win the \$50,000 Cologne Grand Prix and top-seeded **ROD COE** TANNER beat Concha Iribarren 6-4, 6-3 to win the Japan Open in Tokyo.

BASEBALLS—**BIRD** As athletic director at the University of Kentucky, **LOUISIANA**, 35, who had served as a pro coach in New Zealand, Denver and Buffalo. Sothen's team had a 93-99-7 record.

RESIGNED **GIL BARTOSH**, 46, head football coach at Texas Tech, effective at the end of this season. The Mich. had a 6-21 record during Bartosh's three years and was currently 1-8.

RETIRED **BOLD FORBES**, 1978 Kentucky Derby and Belmont stakes winner, thus ending the 34-year-old horse's racing career at 13 victories in 18 starts with total earnings of \$321,015.

TRADED Oakland A's Manager **CHUCK TANNER**, 47, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for catcher **MANNY SANGUINETTI**, 35, and a reported \$100,000 as a player-manager. Tanner managed the White Sox to a slightly more than five years and the A's for one, compiling a 590 record. Sanguinetti hit 363 during his nine seasons with the Pirates.

FACES IN THE CROWD

COLIN MCLIVINE
WILLIAMSBURG, N.Y.



Cole, a senior at Williamsville South High, set eight course records in eight cross-country meets this season. Boasting the Erie County Interscholastic Conference championship record by five seconds, he ran the three-mile mark in 15:19.4.

WAYNE HOLMES
BOSTON



Holmes, at 7, established single-game and series world darts-up bow record in the Pec Wee division. A third grader at St. Mark's Catholic School, he rolled a 161 game, which combined with a 118 to top the previous mark by 27 pins.

BALA JAHNPA
GLENDALE



A Vassar College freshman, Jahnpa scored 16 goals and had seven assists to give his school's 8-year-old soccer team a 7-0 record. He guided the Vassar team to its third consecutive Northeast Athletic Conference championship.

SCOTT NORMAN
OTTAWO, ONT.



A senior quarterback and basketball star at Orono High, Norman, 16, completed 55% of his passes for 2,592 yards and 49 touchdowns and ran for four TDs to lead the Tiggers to a 6-3 record in one game he had 509 yards of total offense.

GIL MACLAURIN
SEABOARD, GA.



MacLaurin, 50, who has a two handicap, was the winner of her first three senior amateur golf tournaments the USGA Seaside in Pebble Beach, Calif., the Hilton Head Island Invitational and the North and South Seniors at Peachtree, N.C.

BILL ZIVIC
Trenton, N.J.



Zivic booked a state-record 55-yard field goal in his Palo Verde High Tri-State team's 34-14 win over Seaboard High 10-0. A soccer-style kicker, coached by Green Day's Chester Marcol, Zivic has made 75% of his field-goal attempts from beyond 35 yards.

CREDITS

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

YEAR OF THE REDS

Sir

Congratulations to Ron Fimrite and SI's photography crew for a fantastic view of the World Series (Ah, How Great It Is, Nov. 1). Your comparison of lineups and batting averages of great teams was very beneficial for those who like to study statistics. Incidentally, judging by your picture on page 22 of Pete Rose diving into third base, I would give him the Anti-Gravity Award of 1976 over Julius Irving, whom you show on page 24.

JIM RAMSEY

Watertown, Conn.

Sir

"How good are the Reds?" Very good!" STEVE HARRIS
Hamden, Conn.

Sir

It is evident from Ron Fimrite's article that the 1976 Cincinnati Reds are being rated as one of the best teams in baseball history. I can't argue that, but the Reds have a long way to go before they equal the 1927 New York Yankees. The '27 Yanks did not beat their opponents; they destroyed them. They batted .307 as a team, scored an unbelievable total of 975 runs and hit 158 home runs. Those figures speak for themselves. So please don't compare the Reds to the '27 Yanks. I wouldn't want you to embarrass them.

SCOTT DUNLOP

Bloomington, Minn.

Sir

The 1927 Yankees would have about as much chance of beating the 1976 Reds as White House would have of beating a Ferrari on foot.

RON JACKSON

Franklin, Ohio

Sir

Ron Fimrite's article is as fine a piece on the national pastime as you have ever put in print. But why leave out the glowing stats of the 1961 Yanks? Mantle and Munn hit more home runs (54 and 61) than any other two men on the same team in the game's history. In addition to them, Yogi Berra, Moose Skowron, Elton Howard and Johnny Blanchard all hit more than 20 homers, helping the team break the all-time home-run record. Whitey Ford compiled a 25-4 record, lead and shoulders above that of any of the staff aces on the 1927 or 1937 Yanks, the 1955 Dodgers or the 1976 Reds.

K. G. AVILLE

Orange, N.J.

Sir

My observation of the 1976 World Series is that the Big Red Machine's greatness was

clouded by the Yankees' horrible flop as contenders for the world championship. Please flash back to October 1975. That was a measure of the greatness of the Reds, of the 1975 Red Sox and of baseball.

JOSEPH GATTO

Jaffrey, N.H.

Sir

To lose to the 1976 Reds should be no disgrace.

BILL SCHULHOFF

Cheshire AFB, Ill.

Sir

The Reds have twice proved their superiority, but the 1977 club will face a test that the great teams of the past never encountered: competition from All-Star squads made up of ex-free agents. The Reds will win again, though.

JOHN REDDINGTON

Middletown, Ind.

Sir

What better proof is there that the baseball season is too long than a picture of Series hero Johnny Bench on the cover of an issue of SI dated Nov. 1?

ROSS BRAY

New Haven, Conn.

THURMAN AND JOHNNY

Sir

The Cincinnati Reds dominated the Series, but let's not get carried away. Sparky Anderson's remark about embarrassing Thurman Munson by comparing him with Johnny Bench was absurd. Although Bench is a better defensive catcher, Munson's bat speaks for itself. He was superior to Bench in just about every offensive category in the last two years. In 1976 Munson out-hit Bench by 68 points while playing only six games on artificial turf. He scored 17 more runs and had 77 more hits. He had 83 more total bases, three more doubles, one more home run and 31 more RBIs. Munson also had more sacrifices and sacrifice flies, and he struck out fewer times than Bench. To my mind, Sparky embarrassed Bench by comparing him with Munson, the best player in the game today.

PHIL WISLAPO

Wharton, N.J.

ROCCO'S RESENTMENT

Sir

I happen to be a fan of Rocco Scotti's, a Clevelandian who sang the national anthem for the fourth American League playoff game in Yankee Stadium. If you heard him, you know why I and an increasing number of people have become fans of his. He electrified everyone with his rendition and he received the biggest ovation anyone has heard yet for The

Star-Spangled Banner. Joe Garagiola calls him "the best in the country," an opinion shared by just about everyone who has heard Scotti sing.

Yet, after Rocco showed the entire nation that the national anthem, as he sings it, is a very stirring and exciting piece of music, he was not asked to sing it for the World Series. They went for "stars," with downright sickening results, and rather than add to the stature of the Series, it made an already drab contest even worse. Is it any wonder there is a clamor to change our anthem to something easier to sing?

RONALD J. SEMAN

Maple Heights, Ohio

JOYS OF RUGBY

Sir

Cave Gammom's article "Feed Me Till I Want No More" (Nov. 1) is one of the best I have ever had the pleasure of reading in your magazine. It captures rugby in its true light (and one of the best). The Welsh people live and die with rugby, and now perhaps all the world will come to understand the joy of playing this game. In the end there are no losers. Everyone who plays wins.

BRIAN TROTTER

Captain

Yale Rugby Club

New Haven, Conn.

LOOKING FOR GOLD

Sir

As a fan of the beloved San Francisco 49ers, I really enjoyed your article. They know the Way to San Jose (Nov. 1). It's wonderful to see the 49ers winning again. If the defense keeps rolling and if Jim Plunkett can keep generating enough offense, the Los Angeles Rams and the rest of the 49ers' opponents will be in trouble.

MARK DRAYER

Westerville, Ohio

Sir

Dan Jenkins and Ron Reid wrote fine articles about the San Francisco 49ers. The front four has a better nickname, though, than "The Good Ol' Boys." It is "The Gold Rush."

BILL MARSHALL

Gilroy, Calif.

Sir

The key line in Dan Jenkins' article on the 49ers is "... keeping in mind that their schedule thus far has been filled with a whole lot of Atlanta and Lethings." When the season is over, look for the Rams to be on top again in the NFC West.

ELMER E. KAUFMAN

Griffey, Ill.

continued

Are you still smoking?

In the years since the criticism against smoking first appeared, many people have given up cigarettes. But many more people haven't.

And that's who we'd like to talk to. That even larger group of people who are still smoking today.

If you're still a smoker, you've probably heard the charges leveled against 'tar' and nicotine. You may have become concerned. And chances are you even tried to do something about it. Like trying several of those empty-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes.

If you're like a lot of other smokers, you probably went right back to your old brand, and concluded that a good-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette has never been invented.

Well, if that's the case, you haven't tried Vantage.

Vantage cuts down substantially on the 'tar' and nicotine you may have become concerned about. Without cutting out that satisfying tobacco flavor you've come to appreciate.

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So, if you still smoke, but would like to cut down on 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage is one cigarette you should seriously consider.

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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '79

RISHIO ARMY

Sir:

God bless Sarah Pileggi for the fine article about Army football (*A Star on the Back Side of Heaven*, Nov. 1). As a young student athlete, I am genuinely in awe of such men as Leamon Hall and Clarence Brundage. They are true student athletes, not some dudes from an overpublicized football factory. "On, brave old Army team."

CORRY GILLIS
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

I think you have touched on an interesting subject. Recruiting for military colleges has improved because of the absence of anti-military feeling. Once again some of the blue-chippers can be lured to a military school. The best example of this is the greatest college linebacker in the U.S. today, Brian (is he ever) Ruff, who will probably make just about everyone's first team All-America and be a high pro draft choice. He plays for The Citadel, the military college of South Carolina. It's only the beginning.

C. L. DAVIS JR.
Charleston, S.C.

BALUKI RUSHER

Sir:

You chose Tony Dorsett as Offensive Player of the Week (*FOOTBALL'S WEEK*, Nov. 1). The real offensive player of that week, however, was Andre Herrera of Southern Illinois University. In a driving rainstorm and on soggy AstroTurf, Herrera gained 319 yards on 35 rushes and was taken out with 10 minutes left in the game. He scored six touchdowns and broke or tied five school records, not including an NCAA record for most yards in a quarter (214 in the first) as SIU beat Northern Illinois 54-6. He was picked as AP Back of the Week ahead of Dorsett and gained a spot in that week's UPI backfield. I would say that is not too bad for a kid who did not play high school football and who is still learning the game.

C. A. DANIELS
Carbondale, Ill.

Sir:

Andre Herrera is now third in the nation in rushing, with a total of 1,404 yards and an average of 156 yards per game. Shame on you, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*!

DAVE BLACK
Carbondale, Ill.

RUSHING RECORD

Sir:

I want to thank Mike DelNagro for mentioning my name in connection with the all-time small-college rushing record in his fine article on Michigan Tech Tailback Jim VanWagner (*A Rambling Wonder from Another Tech*, Oct. 11). It is quite a thrill to see one's name in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

The record is something I am very proud of, but it is also a record I had no knowledge of until it was about to be broken by Howard

Stevens four years ago. To hold a record for so long (1962 to 1972) but know about it for only a short time somehow seems unfair. I guess I would have liked to bask in the glory of being No. 1 for a while longer.

Many things about the VanWagner story remind me of my college days—a small school (Parhamville State), the same kind of scholarship setup and having fun playing football.

JERRY LINTON
Altus, Okla.

• Linton can bask in glory a while longer. Stevens gained only 2,574 of his 5,297 yards at a small college (Randolph-Macon), rushing for the rest at a major school (Louisville). Thus Linton's 4,839-yard total is still recognized as the NCAA Division II and III career-rushing record. VanWagner, however, is 169 yards away with one game left.—ED

BALLOON RESCUES

Sir:

With reference to John Neilsen's article on ballooning (*Ditching the Dream*, Oct. 25), please let me clarify the statement in the second paragraph wherein it is mentioned that I reportedly received a bill from the Russians in the amount of \$100,000 after their ship picked me up in the North Atlantic. This statement is entirely incorrect. In fact, the Russians aboard the *Delnabest* did more than their share to make me feel at home and did not charge a penny (or a ruble).

I might point out one thing in favor of the West Germans' charge of \$5,000 to Ed Yost. It is my understanding that Yost asked the West Germans to divert their ship from its normal course to drop him off, which they did.

KARL THOMAS
Troy, Mich.

• The charge to Yost, for which he has yet to be jailed, was 5,000 marks, or a little more than \$2,000.—ED

CELTIC PRIDE

Sir:

I'm sorry but I cannot agree with your predictions for the Atlantic Division of the NBA (*Scouting Reports*, Oct. 25 and *The Doctor Doubles His Fee*, Nov. 1). Picking Philadelphia ahead of Boston is crazy.

Once again Red Auerbach has made a great move by obtaining Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe. The acquisition of these two should allow John Havlicek to eventually move back into a sixth-man role. It also gives Boston a blend of experience, speed, muscle and savvy unseen elsewhere in the division.

Dr. J and George McGinnis are a potent scoring combination, but they can be had at the other end. You also mentioned the Philly backcourt. I agree that Doug Collins is good, but I would add that Charlie Scott is just as good. And there isn't another guard in the division with the cool class or floor leadership of Jo Jo White. As for center, I don't care if

Caldwell Jones is 10 feet tall. David Cowens will get the best of him. He has proved time and again that he can outrun, outquick and outshoot every monster center in the league.

There is one last thing the Celtics have going for them. I know you can't measure it, but make sure you don't take it too lightly. It's called Celtic pride.

BILL FLANAGAN
Randolph, Mass.

NEGOTIATING TIME-OUT

Sir:

It won't be long before sports arenas throughout the country will be equipped with negotiating tables along the sidelines so that a player can renegotiate his contract before every crucial play. I can see it now—a player signals a "negotiating time-out" by rubbing his fingertips with his thumb. He then heads for the table with his agent (always in waiting) and sits down with the general manager and an arbitrator to talk money before making the play. When he gets what he wants, he returns to the game and slips his hip pocket three times, signaling for play to resume.

I can't blame the players, though. They have been conditioned by society to get all the money possible, regardless of what it takes or what it means. They are victims of an attitude that says money is all that matters.

What does get me is the number of sports commentators, mostly the ex-athletes, who ridicule players for making such demands when they themselves would eat their blazers just for the chance to do the same. That's why the most valuable part of any TV set is the volume control.

ISAAC FINLEY
Albuquerque

Sir:

There is no doubt in my mind that Julius Erving is worth \$3 million. However, I feel there is something wrong with this sale. In June, Charlie Finley decided to sell some of his players for needed cash, but this deal was negated because it was not "in the best interests of baseball." Why wasn't the sale of Julius Erving nullified? Philadelphia gets a championship team (on paper) just as the Yankees or the Red Sox would have if the Finley deals had gone through. To me this is not in the best interests of baseball.

LEN SILVERMAN
Somerset, N.J.

PHILLY FANS

Sir:

I was shocked to read Curry Kirkpatrick's comments about 76er fans (*The Dr. Doubled His Fee*, Nov. 1). As a Flyer season ticket-holder and a 76er and Eagles fan, I know that Philadelphia sports fans are loyal and legitimate. We do not boo the Enter Bunny.

GEORGE STAFFIER
Yardley, Pa.

Sir:

I'm getting sick and tired of the treatment of Philadelphia and its fans. Your article was

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LAS VEGAS

19TH HOLE continued

another in a series of potshots. The Philly fans you claim boo the Easter Bunny will fill the arena for the 76ers, the Flyers, the Eagles and the Phillies almost every time, with nary a boo. This is a city of winners. New York is the city of losers.

Furthermore, nobody expected Dr. J to start his magic with no preseason games or practice behind him. It will take time for the 76ers to learn to work together.

WILLIAM T. FORD
Philadelphia

FASTEST MILES

Sir:

In Douglas S. Looney's article on record times for the mile by harness horses (Now the Pace Quikens, Oct. 18) it is stated that Jade Prince's time of 1:54 1/2 is bettered only by Steady Star's time-trial mark of 1:52 set at Lexington in 1971. I think Frank Ervin would probably take exception to that, since Bret Hanover paced a mile in 1:53 3/4 as a 4-year-old in a time trial on the same track in 1966. The previous year Bret Hanover raced in 1:55 flat at Indianapolis.

CHARLES CURRAN JR.
Tequesta, Fla.

Sir:

Has Douglas Looney ever heard of Bret Hanover? Also inform him that Windshield Wiper has since raced against the clock in 1:53 3/4 at the recently concluded Lexington meet.

MICHAEL J. SANTORO
Watertown, Mass.

• Jade Prince's time stands as the fastest for the mile in a race, while Steady Star's is the record for a time trial — ED

GNU DEVELOPMENTS

Sir:

Ever since I heard that the Topeka, Kans. zoo was expecting the arrival of two new gnus, I have been anxiously awaiting their christening. You can imagine my great disappointment when I read your SCORECARD item (Nov. 1) and discovered the animals had been named Sports and Weather. Surely one should have been named Good and the other Bad.

I am reminded of the story of the horse thief in Santa Fe, who when taken out to be hanged in 1849 discovered that there was no rope and uttered those immortal words, "No noose in good news."

The officials could at least have named one of the gnus No. But I suppose they felt that No gnus is not Good gnus, or they were afraid that Bad gnus travels fast.

TERRY HIGGINS
Albuquerque

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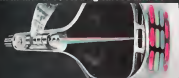



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